National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

The Western Anti-Slavery Society.

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

OUR field of observation in presenting our annual report might properly embrace as much territory as liberty and despotism occupy in their struggle for supremacy. The painful narrative of aggression upon the rights of man, and of resentful and successful resistance, whether it be Southern or Northern, Eastern or Western, American or Foreign, is legitimate to our purpose, for freedom is one and indivisible. Every blow struck for it in any part of the world is measurably felt upon that institution which we are associated to overthrow. Every slaver that takes in her cargo upon the African coast, and seeks a market for her human merchandise in Christian countries, every man kidnapped at the North and sold to a life of unrequited toil, every child born into slavery, every act of Congress touching the incidents of the system, every vindication of slaveholding power, whether in the battles of Kansas, in imprisoning those who rescue fugitive slaves in Milwaukee or in Cleveland, or in the capturing of a Sims or a Burns in Boston, every deed done for oppression, even down to the buying up, with office, little men with a little price, and big men with a big price, all bear directly upon the objects of this society, and tend to increase or diminish our labor. Every conquest over despotism in Europe, a demonstration in favor of human rights, as at Harper's Ferry, any form of resistance to pro-slavery law which comes surging up from the heart of man, knowing no enactments and no constitutions strong enough to repress it, every case of a fugitive who leaves his master's plantation and seeks a home where his manhood will be acknowledged and protected, every servile insurrection writing the wrongs of its actors in letters of blood and flame, every Virginia panic, causing the cravens of the entire South to see in every Northern man an abolition emissary, every discussion in Church and in State, in public and in private, in relation to the character of slavery, every word spoken to oppose or to defend, whether uttered in the classical style of a Phillips or the Billingsgate of a Brownlow, is but a part and parcel of the great agitation, which *we* seek to extend and deepen, leaving it for each actor to choose his own weapons.

But the brief limits we have always assigned ourselves in our reports would forbid so wide a range of subjects; and you who are assembled on the present occasion demand some account of the stewardship, which we, who have been charged with this important interest, are bound to render. The activity and efficiency of an organization simply represents the aggregate activity and efficiency of those who compose it; and if each individual member of this society could show a large expenditure of time, labor and funds to advance its objects, then could your Committee report great progress in the cause, and the most happy effects from their own efforts to promote it. Organization avails very little, unless there be energetic action through all its ramifications. The officers of a society may be thoroughly executive, but unless the members work also, the result will be meagre. And on the other hand, a society loses immeasurably by an unfortunate choice of persons to conduct its operations. We cannot bear this too much in mind, that there must be the most judicious action, and the most hearty cooperation—every shoulder must be at the wheel—and in this way alone can we advance.

The Agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, who were with us at our last anniversary, remained in Ohio a short time, and did good service while here. Parker Pillsbury then extended his labors farther west, and held a series of highly successful meetings. To this able and faithful agent we are largely indebted for the radical anti-slavery which sustains this movement, and for the leaven which works in sects and parties; and we have reason to be truly grateful that God gave to the world a man so true to the cause of the slave, and to his own convictions of right. This was all the labor performed until spring by official agents, although quite a number of meetings were held in the interval, by volunteer lecturers, several of whom have continued to give their aid up to the present time. This service we highly appreciate, and would tender our sincere acknowledgment to those who, in their respective neighborhoods, have kept up the agitation which is so necessary to the success of this enterprise.

Last spring, Marius R. Robinson labored to some extent in Ohio as an agent of the American Society, and has continued to hold meetings on the Sabbath. His fidelity and his marked ability always render every effort successful; and his efficiency in the various departments you have called him to fill—that of Editor, Lecturer, President, General Agent, etc.—show how much we owe him, and how invaluable has been his aid. Josephine S. Griffing, also, whose faithful testimonies, and whose eloquent and earnest words, command attention wherever she goes, has been laboring in this State most of the summer, having been commissioned by the Hovey Committee. The state of our treasury has not permitted us to send out any lecturing agents during the entire year. Our operations have been as extensive as our limited means and opportunities would allow. The financial pressure, with the scarcity of crops, and the small amount of donations and pledges at our last anniversary, has crippled all our efforts. Indeed, had it not been for our Macedonian cry for help, to which our Eastern friends generously responded, we should have been compelled, before this, to suspend the organ of the Society, and we should have met here to-day with scarcely more than a name to live. Our thanks are specially due to the Hovey Fund Committee, for a donation of six hundred dollars, which has enabled us thus far to struggle against the adverse circumstances that threatened our existence. If a society's treasury is habitually empty, if it cease its work, and stop its mouthpiece, it had better disband. A man is hissed from the stage who shows himself incapable of playing his part. So with a society. It not only ceases to be useful, but commands no respect when it recedes from the contest, and lays down its weapons, the evil it was organized to oppose remaining the same. But in this case we will hope for renewed zeal, and for such devotion and liberality as will express themselves in the most energetic and aggressive warfare in the future. We ought to be as ignorant of *retreat* as was the trumpeter of the French corps who was taken by the Russians. His youthfulness and musical proficiency soon caused him to be reported at head quarters, and the Commander-in-Chief summoned him to his presence. Wishing to test his skill, he ordered him to sound the "Call to arms," which he did. "Now, a charge," said the General. This was immediately done. "A rally," he continued, and it pealed forth with a power prophetic of conquest. "Now sound a retreat," said the General. "Sire," replied the lad, "I have never learned one."

We ought to be invincible, and as faithful as the Old Guard of Napoleon at Waterloo. One of the columns was swept down, like grain by a storm of hail. Battalion after battalion disappeared; they had pressed up to the very muzzle of the guns, they had received volley after volley in their face, till one broad sheet of flame rolled over their bosoms, but the survivors would not yield. And when they ceased to struggle for victory, when hope all died out, there they stood for a long time, and let the cannon balls pass through their ranks, disdaining to turn their backs on the foe. To every command of the enemy to surrender, the stern reply was given, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders."

And now, mingling in a contest infinitely greater than that of Waterloo, with a commander against whose strength the power of man is but as a splintered straw, what a disgrace to show any symptoms of wavering or dissatisfaction? No matter how heavy the artillery that opens upon us; no matter how many allies the enemies may enlist, it is ours to prove faithful to our trust, to cherish the unalterable resolution to conquer or die. And we may labor, too, with the certainty that the hour of such extremity will never come to our cause. It cannot fail. As surely as the race exists, and God lives, it *will* succeed.

Fifteen years ago you started *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*, with the motto, "No union with slaveholders," which it has faithfully maintained to the present time. This paper should be continued so long as the *union* of the professed friends of freedom with the oppressors of man gives strength and vitality to that system which brutalizes humanity, curses both master and slave, and writes its blighting record not only upon the present life, but upon the life hereafter. Your Committee feel deeply the necessity of sustaining a press that testifies to the whole truth in relation to slavery. The political dilutions of some of the leading journals, with the religious hash of others, is not the meat which is needed for the soul in this contest. Those who feed upon it become enervated, and fall easy victims to the first political epidemic that crosses their path, or the first religious frenzy that sweeps through their borders. Having had no agents in the field, and the scarcity of money, with the adoption of the prepayment system, the subscription list of *The Bugle* has been much diminished. We, however, are well satisfied to adhere to prepayment, though we regret, most deeply, that any of the true friends of the paper, those who have long taken and expect to continue it, should, through their neglect, necessitate us, by adherence to our rule, to cut off their names. These have embarrassed us, when they really have it in their hearts to sustain and help us place their organ on a better basis. Prompt payment is a necessity; to ignore this is highly unjust.

The year of the Presidential election has always been found an unfavorable time for anti-slavery labor, and yet it would be unwise to cease our efforts because of the political intoxication of the people, for a few are sober enough to be saved. The principle which men have, is often lost sight of wholly in the scramble for success. The modicum of anti-slavery that has from time to time manifested itself in party issues within the last score of years, beginning with James G. Birney and the Liberty party, down to Abraham Lincoln and the Republican party, has become less and less, until many of the old Liberty Guard, as they called themselves in 1840, and still delight to call themselves in 1860, receive as their Presidential nominee a man who is opposed to giving the colored man equal political and legal rights, advocates an efficient fugitive slave law, opposes the unconditional abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and of the inter-state slave trade; thus verifying by fact the prophecy that was made of the demoralization attendant upon the political course they were pursuing, and to which they replied like one of old, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" And the reason given for the prophecy of olden time is the same in their case. "God hath shown to me that thou shalt be king over Syria."

The working of the governmental machinery the past year has been in character the same as formerly. The fatal compromises engrafted upon the Federal Government are maturing their fruit, and the people continue to reap the harvest. With a Constitution that provides for the rendition of fugitive slaves, with Congressional laws for the enforcement of its provisions, and with political demagogues continually insisting that we "respect the Constitution and all Constitutional obligations," it is no marvel that fugitives continue to be hunted down upon Northern soil, and that legal kidnappers, emboldened by their success, have become illegal kidnappers, and taken those whom the laws recognize as free.

Within a short time, a citizen of Ohio—Charles Waggoner—was arrested under pretence of being a fugitive slave, carried to Newport, Ky., and thrown into jail; and no owner appearing, he was sold for jail fees. By the efforts of George P. Webster, who was moved with compassion for the captive, legal proceedings were stayed, his right to freedom established to the satisfaction of a Kentucky Court, and his discharge ordered. We do not mention this case as being one of peculiar hardship, nor very unusual in character, save in its termination. The kidnapping of free colored men is carried on extensively in the States bordering upon the Ohio river; and in southern Illinois the law, in most cases, has been utterly powerless to reclaim the captives or punish the villains. These facts forcibly illustrate the insecurity of personal liberty in this *free* model republic. The case of the Jew boy, Mortara, who was forcibly abducted from his parents, not that he should be made a slave, but that he might be educated a Catholic, stirred to its very centre the heart of Christendom. But here upon our own *free* soil, a free man, known to many of our citizens, a native of Ohio, was seized and dragged away from home and friends to a Kentucky prison, and at length sold into slavery; and the Sovereignty under whose rule he was born had no remonstrance to urge, no protest to make, no deliverance to achieve. It was a *terrible* outrage for despotic and Catholic Italy to take a child from its parents, to educate him, but when Democratic and Protestant Kentucky takes a *parent* from his children to degrade and to dehumanize him, the offence is so trifling that neither Church nor State regard it with any interest, but pass coldly by and address themselves to the conversion of the heathen abroad, and to political gambling at home. What better could be expected of a people who consent to regard as valid a law which places the liberty of every man alleged to be a fugitive from labor, at the mercy of a single Commissioner, whose judgment must invariably be influenced by the testimony of the slave hounds who have an interest in the rendition of the man?

Ohio, under Republican rule, ostracizes the colored man, refuses his ballot, denies him equal educational rights, and shuts him out of the jury-box, and even out of the county poorhouse; and to give further proof to the South of the strength of the bond of political union between the two, we were presented last winter with the humiliating spectacle of the General Assembly of Ohio inviting to a grand carousal the Legislatures of Kentucky and Tennessee, and spending more than $5,000 of the people's funds in gluttony and wine-bibbing and senseless parade. And this was done, too, at a time when more than a score of Kentucky's best citizens had been driven by mob law to seek a shelter upon Ohio soil, the Executive of the State from which they fled being either powerless or unwilling to protect them. In connection with the expulsion of John G. Fee and his Berean associates from their homes in Kentucky, we might, if the limits of this report would permit, dwell upon the wide-spread "Reign of Terror" at the South—the end of which is not yet—of which this incident is but one of its numerous manifestations, and which has written its history in indiscriminate mobbings and scourgings, and burnings, and hangings, and expulsions, perpetrated in consequence of a maddened and senseless panic. But little heed may be given to this now, except by its victims, and it is doubtful whether we are able to comprehend all its enormity; but when this "Reign of Terror" shall be recorded by the graphic pen of some future historian, it will bear the traces of a spirit so fierce and relentless, so cruel and bloody, that humanity will stand aghast at the record.

A year ago we had strong hopes that Wisconsin would be able to vindicate the doctrine of State Sovereignty, not only up to the point where resistance to federal usurpation becomes a necessity, but carry it triumphantly beyond. The people indignantly trampled the Fugitive Slave law under foot, her Judiciary declared it a nullity, her Legislature came to the rescue with her bold enactments, and her Executive stood prepared to defend the rights and the honor of the State. The game was skilfully played; but just at that point when Wisconsin could have checkmated her opponent and closed the contest, she yielded all she had gained; thus adding another to the many forcible illustrations of the impossibility of State Sovereignty and individual rights being successfully vindicated and protected under a government constituted of the most discordant elements, like the Federal Union of this country.

Though Wisconsin in her corporate capacity utterly failed, a portion of the people did what the State ought to have done. With a writ of habeas corpus issued by Popular Sovereignty, they opened the doors of the United States prison, and released the captive. And to-day, disregarding all constitutions and laws, judgments and writs, processes and decisions which sustain the Fugitive Slave law, they bid defiance to the Federal Government, and unequivocally tell its officials that S. M. Booth shall not be rearrested. Whether they will be able to maintain this position, or be forced to succumb, or by some device evade the direct issue and consent to have it called a drawn game, time only can demonstrate.

The federal authorities may deem it the part of wisdom to be less exacting than they have been in several cases within the last twelve months; for although they may stand a good chance of success when dealing with contumacious States, the *people* are beginning to show signs of insubordination. If the government won a triumph in the imprisonment of Thaddeus Hyatt at Washington, the victory was at best a most barren one, and his release by the Senate was a virtual acknowledgment of the fact. The defeat, for it really was one, was as palpable, though different in its character, as when its deputized deputies, by the arrest of Frank Sanborn in Massachusetts, caused an uprising of the people, who released the prisoner and drove the officials from their presence. It was a defeat as palpable as when John Brown, Jr., backed by the people of benighted Ashtabula, disregarded the authority and defied the power of the Senate, and refused either to go or to be taken before the Mason Committee. All honor to these princely rebels! There *is* hope in the future. When a government becomes oppressive, when it disregards the rights of its citizens, when it relies in fancied security upon the strength of its organization, it is time to evoke the inherent, undelegated power of the people, which, while vindicating the right, will recall to the memory of the rulers] the forgotten fact, that there is a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself.

In connection with these instances of successful, popular resistance to the demands of slavery, we rejoice to be able to refer to at least two cases, in which the Executives of Western States have used their official power to retard and check the operations and designs of the agents of the Slave Power. The associates of John Brown who escaped from Harper's Ferry to Ohio and Iowa, were pursued by men armed with Executive requisitions from Virginia, who demanded their surrender severally of the Governors of these two States. We are glad to be able to say, that Gov. Dennison and Gov. Kirkwood both refused to comply with the demand. Their refusal, it is true, was based upon technicalities, the existence of which *might* not have been discovered, had the offence charged been a crime against humanity, instead of a praiseworthy, though unlawful, deed. Be that, however, as it may, whether the requisitions were virtually defective in technical points, or whether the humanity of the Governors led them to magnify these objections, and thus avoid conquering their prejudices and performing a disagreeable duty, or whether they believed that the delivering up of such fugitives would be an unpopular measure, suffice it to say that the requisitions were not complied with; and Virginia, baffled in her attempt, and with no means of redress, was left to digest at her leisure this mortifying failure.

Those who comprehend the philosophy of the anti-slavery reform, and duly appreciate its character, are content to labor, though the obstacles are formidable, and the prospects far from promising. They cannot forego the honor of recognizing these heaven-born principles, and contributing to their defence. Anti-slavery is so much nobler and higher and better than we, that to be permitted to appear as its friends, as its adherents, is far more to us than we can ever be to it. It sprang, ages since, from a deep sense of justice, from a grand faith in the progress and perfectibility of the race. To be the receivers, the defenders, the propagators of this higher law, of this grand faith, is a privilege which claims our gratitude.

It is said that Philip of Macedon gave thanks to the gods that they had permitted his son to be born in the days of a certain Greek philosopher, that the boy might be educated by him, and made worthy to succeed the father and to rule the Macedonians. And now, in the light of a broader civilization, we see, perhaps, more clearly than did Philip, the necessity of the development of man into its largest and noblest proportions, and we have, therefore, especial reason to be thankful that we are permitted to occupy the stage of existence when there are moral philosophers whose teaching and whose example, if heeded by our children, would enable them to become the righteous rulers of a republic far more righteous than this. What lessons of self-denial, of virtue, of consecration to a holy cause, come up before us as we review the history of our movement? How have the few who inaugurated it maintained their integrity and nobly perilled all earthly interests in behalf of justice. The first note which fell upon the ear of this guilty people is repeated to-day with the same fulness, and earnestness, and sublime hope that inspired its original utterance. Men of the highest position and the widest culture stand before the nation, and declare that they have no object in life, but to lift four millions of degraded outcasts into civilization and manhood. These are examples that will add fresh brilliancy to the page of history. Women, too, have done the stern duty of sentinels, and braved dangers that made strong men tremble. They have foregone the elegant leisure, the luxurious repose that fashion prescribes, and labored with the zeal of true patriots to remove the curse which rests upon American institutions.

In a Lay of Ancient Rome the legend saith, that when the city was in eminent peril from the descent of a Tuscan army, the brave Horatius, assisted by two men, perilled his life in destroying the bridge across the Tiber, which rendered it impossible to enter the city. Inspired with the holy purpose of saving the town, of defending the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods, of protecting the tender mother and the holy maiden, he went out to face fearful odds—to offer himself a sacrifice for the good of the many. Thrice thirty thousand foes were before him, and,

> "There lacked not men of prowess,
> Nor men of lordly race;
> For all Etruria's noblest
> Were round the fatal place."

But the bold Roman kept the bridge; the tossing sea of steel before him ebbed and flowed under the weight of his mighty hand. The bravest of the brave Tuscans who strode out before the crowd to win the narrow pass, were instantly disabled, and felled to the earth. Meanwhile, the axe was diligently plied to hew down the bridge, the timbers began to crack, battlement and plank and pier, and every loosened beam at length fell with one tremendous crash, and Rome was saved. Then arose a long shout of triumph from the walls of the city—one rapturous cry of joy at their deliverance. And the memory of him who wrought this valiant deed passed down through the ages, stirring the old Roman blood like a trumpet's blast. Mothers prayed that their sons might be like him; men and maidens vied with each other in doing homage to the name of Horatius.

But in the coming future, when the Lays of ancient America shall be written, there may be one of a Christian hero who spent the best part of a lifetime in devising plans to meet a deadly foe; and then, taking counsel of the Almighty, he went out to face, not 90,000 men, but a whole empire in arms against him. And the Lay will tell how bravely he kept the fort, how tenderly he treated his prisoners, how grandly he bore his captivity, how triumphantly he ascended the scaffold, and how the whole civilized world recognized the wisdom of his words and the heroism of his deeds. As the blow from the rod of Moses cleft the desert rock and caused the waters to gush forth in the wilderness, so the blow which he struck opened the stone-covered fountains of human sympathy, and sect and party were unable to restrain the spontaneous exclamation, Well done! To the oppressor, his presence at Harper's Ferry was like the handwriting upon the wall to the oppressor of old.

And the Lay will show that this story was repeated in the home of the master and in the cabin of the slave; that it awakened hope in the heart of the enslaved on the shores of the Potomac and in the heart of the oppressed on the shores of the Tiber; that every man who felt the galling of a fetter, whether in the New World or in the Old, thanked God for this faithful testimony against despotic power. And it will tell, also, of the noble matron who gave her husband and her sons to truth and liberty, and when she was told that the former had been made a captive and the latter had fallen in battle, simply inquired, Will the sacrifice be available? What effect will this have on the cause of human freedom?

Horatius offered himself for Rome and for Romans. He looked upon the Eternal City, with all its splendor and magnificence, its temples and towers, its works of art, its princely appointments, he looked upon the mother who gave him birth, upon the wife who nursed *his* babe at her breast, upon the maidens who fed the eternal flame, upon the noble Roman; and for these, for all these, he kept the bridge at the peril of life. Curtius Marcus, also, sacrificed himself for his compeers—people of the same blood, the same nation. Winklereid gathered to his bosom the spears, that his associates might pass on to conquest, and Switzerland be saved.

But our hero, who was one of a dominant class, looked upon a despised race, a race denationalized and dehumanized, with no culture, no marriage, no rights that are respected, mere tools to subserve the interests and pleasure and convenience of others, hewers of wood and drawers of water; and for these he *lived*, lived long years of self-denial, of devotion to their cause; and for these he at length fought, and bled, and died. And the Lay will tell how all true hearts were made stronger and better by his life, and by his death all selfishness was rebuked, and good men made pilgrimages to his tomb and did themselves honor by lamenting one so truly brave.

This martyrdom of 1859 is so directly connected with the objects of this Society that we have given it prominence in this Report.

In conclusion, we must express our regret that so little has been performed by us, in view of the great work to be done. We hope that our successors will be less crippled in their resources than we have been, and that this Society the coming year, with the impulse that the anticipated campaign of our Eastern friends will give, may be able to do a work commensurate with the importance of the object for which we are associated.

By direction of the Executive Committee,

J. ELIZABETH JONES, Cor. Sec.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That slavery, in the language of Charles Sumner, is a "five-fold barbarism," and the "sum of all villanies," in the language of John Wesley.

Resolved, therefore, That all voluntary, persistent slaveholders are necessarily "five-fold" barbarians and the sum total of all villains.

Resolved, That the slaveholders, as such, can have no rights which any human being is bound to respect; and all their State Governments, so called, are but organized bands of robbers and plunderers.

Resolved, That a governmental union and confederation with such barbarians, with or without constitutional compromises and guarantees to protect them in their crimes and cruelties, is without warrant in human necessity, as well as in daring defiance of every law of nature, justice and God.

Resolved, That the late law of Arkansas, consigning to interminable slavery the whole free colored population of that State, and confiscating their property to the use of their oppressors, unless they forthwith flee the State forever; and also, the bill, almost equally atrocious, now pending in Maryland, and soon doubtless to become a law, are without parallel in the history of human depravity and cruelty, whether the appeal be to the record of legislation in the name of government or to the black and bloody deeds of common pirates and marauders, done in defiance of law, and execrated and punished by the common consent of mankind. And

Resolved, therefore, That the declaration of Senator Seward, made in Congress last winter, that "*the State least developed in this Union is wiser and better than any foreign State I know*," is not only most daringly false in fact, but is also peculiarly adapted to foster and extend that political profligacy and corruption among parties and people, which, without such an impelling wholesale system of ruin and destruction as our slavery, inevitably works the overthrow of communities and nations.

Resolved, That when such men as Senators Seward and Sumner so strongly denounce slavery and slaveholders, and still continue in governmental complicity with them, boldly defending and sustaining the Republican party, whose presidential candidate is committed to every constitutional compromise for slavery ever claimed by Calhoun or conceded by Webster, and whose present platform nowhere condemns slavery or slaveholders, though it virtually pronounces Capt. John Brown *one of the gravest of criminals*—when the Sewards and Sumners can do all this, and more, without one blush of shame, they show how frightfully slavery has wrought its deadliest work on them, and how unfit they are to be entrusted with the interests of humanity and liberty.

Resolved, That the boasted free government of these States is, in itself, a bloody and unmitigated despotism; and must be no less so, under a Republican administration based on the Chicago platform and the declarations of Abraham Lincoln, than the Democratic administration of the present, or the Whig or Federal party of the past—there must be the same respect paid to slavery where it is; fugitives must be returned; insurrections must be suppressed; Nat Turners shot down, and John Browns hung. But we hereby solemnly affirm that no fugitive slave shall be returned, where we can possibly prevent it, for Abraham Lincoln or any other President. Nor shall any sable Washington or black Garibaldi ever fail in an insurrectionary attempt to deliver himself and his fellow-victims from slavery for want of our sympathy or any more material aid which we can conscientiously render. And for every brave Capt. Brown who is sacrificed in noble effort for their deliverance, there shall be a monument erected out of grateful, throbbing hearts, that shall stand and shine amid the generations long after old Time shall have mown down our proudest revolutionary marble, and trampled out the most enduring brass.

Resolved, That in no respect has the government been materially changed, from Washington with his Fugitive Slave law of 1793, to Millard Fillmore and his far more atrocious enactment of 1850, still in force, and the efficiency of which, Abraham Lincoln has assured the country he will do nothing to impair.

Resolved, That as the government of the country is a most daring despotism, so the popular prevailing religion is, practically, downright atheism. Its God is a monster, bloody as Moloch; its Bible is made an apology and authority for all unutterable abominations; its priesthood, *as a body*, are the direct succession from those who crucified the Son of God; its cost makes the burdens which the old scribes and Pharisees "laid upon men's shoulders" easy and light; its worship is cold as Jewish ceremonies, as empty as pagan rites, and as devoid of humanity as the sacrifices of Juggernaut; its best benefits are scarcely desirable or worth possessing at any price, being neither righteousness, temperance, peace, purity, love nor liberty, nor a progressive growth into a higher, diviner life, all of which have to be sought outside of the Church, and attained generally, if attained at all, in spite of the Church: and the only hope of our deliverance from slavery and all great sins and their consequences, and the planting of a holier faith, is in the utter extermination of such a religion and worship from the whole face of the country, North as well as South.

Resolved, That we witness with great satisfaction the steady progress made in industrial pursuits, intellectual culture and moral advancement by our colored brethren in the non-slaveholding States, notwithstanding the infamous disabilities, civil, political, educational and social, under which they are compelled by the dominant race to struggle for it.

Resolved, That all the political organizations in the West, whatever their pretensions to democracy or republicanism, of regard for the rights of man, or of purpose to overthrow slavery, are coequal in falsehood and infamy, inasmuch as they afford no evidence, either by party action or by individual effort, of intention or even desire to remove these disabilities; and must, therefore, be so regarded by the enlightened observer of the present and the impartial historian of the future.

Resolved, That those religious organizations of the land (and they comprise the whole, with unimportant exceptions) that neglect, by their usual instrumentalities for influencing the people, to remedy the great wrongs of this outraged class of our citizens, and eradicate their criminal consequences, are deserving of, and will receive the same impartial condemnation.

Resolved, That in the invitation extended, and the subsequent proceedings held under it, by the Republican Legislature of Ohio to the Legislative Assemblies of Tennessee and Kentucky to meet with it in a fraternal carousal at the expense of the people, for the special purpose of signifying to those slaveholding communities that their claim of property in human flesh is fully acquiesced in, and their banishment of their own citizens for holding anti-slavery sentiment safe from rebuke, we have additional evidence that the anti-slavery professions of the party are a delusion and a mere sham, employed for the purpose of attaining and preserving possession of the power and emoluments of office.

Resolved, That as the last half century has failed to produce a type of manhood commensurate with the discoveries of science and the growth of intelligence in this country, and we have exhausted our sympathy and our admiration upon philanthropy and heroism abroad, we most heartily congratulate this nation that, at last, *upon our own soil*, a *man* has appeared, and a hero is born. A man of no ordinary prudence, who neither weighed the odds against him, nor counted his life dear; achieving upon the gallows that which a pro-slavery Church has failed to achieve, and a pro-slavery government to protect—the *right to individual freedom* and self-government in obedience to the law of God.

To his sons he has left the inheritance of a fixed and noble aim, and by his unexampled hatred of slavery and his grand endurance of labor and sorrow, challenges them to give to the American slave *liberty*, or to divide with his foes the changes of death!

Resolved, That in the response of John Brown, Jr. to Marshal Johnson and the Senatorial Committee at Washington, who sought to identify him and his friends in the "*grave crime*" of invading the soil of Virginia to give freedom to the wife and children of Newby and the race to which they belonged, in which response he refused to appear and testify, disregarding alike the power of the government and the treachery of public sentiment, he gave the age the testimony of a faith in justice and right, the conquest of which presents full scope to all our powers, and is of far greater *importance* than the triumph of the American Church or the perpetuation of the American Union.

MRS. STANTON AND THE "WIDE-AWAKES."

[The following address was lately delivered to the "Wide-Awake" Club of Seneca Falls, by MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, of that place. Those who read it, will be at no loss to perceive why *The Tribune* was not inclined to let its readers see even the substance of it, but chose rather to print entire the reply made by Mr. D. B. Murray. Mrs. Stanton, while giving the Republicans full credit for all the good they have done or propose to do, did not forget that she was an Abolitionist, nor fail to urge those whom she addressed to "come up higher."—*Ed. Standard.*]

GENTLEMEN WIDE-AWAKES: In behalf of the mothers, wives and daughters of Republicans, I present to you this beautiful banner, bearing the mottoes:

"LIGHT THE TORCH OF LIBERTY;"
"GOD AND OUR NATIVE LAND."

Such mottoes should serve a higher purpose than merely to deck holiday flags, and furnish toasts for Fourth of July orations. Why not incorporate their Christianity into the very soul, the bone, and flesh, and muscle and life-blood of our body politic? I have long watched with pleasure and with hope the breaking up of old party ties and organizations; the discord, division, and confusion that always precede an advanced step in politics and religion. Our fathers, at the mouth of the cannon, proclaimed the sovereignty of the individual; but through near a century of legislation we have been so absorbed with our commerce, trade, outward improvements and material gains, that we have lost sight of the man, buried as he is under heaps of gold dust and cotton. But out of this chaos comes the Republican party, combining a purer Democracy with the conservatism of the Old Whig policy, declaring once more that all mankind are created free and equal, that without liberty of person and of conscience and of speech, life is a boon not worth having.

But much as I rejoice in this movement, gentlemen, you by no means come up to my highest idea of true Republicanism.

The difference between us I can best illustrate by relating an anedote of General Taylor. In 1858, when he was a candidate for the Presidency, some of his supporters in Tennessee were concerned as to the soundness of his Whiggery. So they appointed a committee to examine into his political faith. The committee having waited upon him and propounded their questions, the old hero, squinting up his eyes in his peculiar manner when about to utter something keen, replied: "Go, tell your people that I am a full-blooded Whig and one quarter over." So it is with me, I am a full-blooded Republican, and about three quarters over. I hold to all you do on the subject of slavery—the great political question of the day—and a great deal more. While you are opposed merely to the extension of slavery, I am opposed to its existence. While you say it has no right in the Territories, I say it has no right anywhere "in the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"Forever ours! for good or ill on us the burden lies!
God's balance, watched by angels, is hung across the skies!
Shall Justice, Truth and Freedom turn the poised and trembling scale,
Or shall the Evil triumph, and Robber Wrong prevail?
Shall the broad land o'er which our flag in starry splendor waves,
Forego through us its freedom, and bear the tread of slaves?"

To me a man is a man whether black or white, whether in a hovel, his hands hardened by toil, or in a palace, his heart hardened by luxury and selfishness. The man, made in the image of God, must ever stand first, above all constitutions, institutions, church creeds, and political platforms; and whatever tends to crush immortal mind is opposed to the essence and spirit of true Republicanism. Though your organization does not pretend to cover the whole ground in regard to slavery, yet your success will be a step in the right direction. When Napoleon, after great struggles had ascended the Alps at the head of his gallant army, he saw Italy, the sunny land he was destined to conquer, lying far below him like an unrolled map. In the election of Lincoln, the army of freedom will have ascended the Alps; there they can pause and take a survey of the vast field which in coming years is to be conquered, until our broad lands shall not contain a single slave to moisten the soil which he tills with his tears, nor to crimson it with his blood. You have already laid your hand on the jugular vein of slavery; if you only press long enough and strong enough, the monster must soon die of suffocation.

In fighting this first battle, you have done well in choosing for your standard-bearer a self-made man; one accustomed to toil and restraint; whose clear mind has been disciplined by thought and action rather than study and acquirement. He who can face poverty for years, and yet be true to himself and his neighbor, we may safely trust. Abraham Lincoln has a sound mind in a sound body; his morality is unquestioned; he is temperate in all his habits, and simple in his life and pleasures; and if he were only a good Abolitionist, I could indorse him with all my heart. In times of corruption and excess like these, we need sterling honesty at the head of our national affairs quite as much as splendid statesmanship. A man that can govern himself with wisdom is a fit leader for a party that combines more intellect, scholarship, moral probity, wealth, industry and inventive genius than any and all others in this Republic. What this party is here, it is everywhere, and we know that the best and noblest men among us are numbered in its ranks.

I am glad to see the Senecas so wide awake to the aggressions of the Slave Power of the South, as well as to the compromise and cunning of the doughfaces of the North. Keep your lamps ever trimmed and burning, that no giants, big or little, no Bells, be they male or female, no Lanes, be they ever so dark or narrow, can appal you. Though your hands are hard as Lincoln's, handling rails and pumps and pig iron, yet are you brave and true; your hearts are sound to the core, for virtue and labor go together. You are no whited sepulchres. May you ever, as now, wear all your blackness outside; but don't cross Mason and Dixon's line, for black is a bad color down there.

It is, I know, the unanimous wish of those whom I represent, that this banner may always wave over the heads of sober men, and that as you unfurl it to the breeze, it may never give forth the odor of that vile Virginia weed. Remember, Abraham Lincoln drinks no wine and chews no tobacco.

We who present to you this banner are disfranchised by our State Constitution. We have no voice in this Government, but through you. We conjure you, therefore, as our legal representative, be true to principle ever and everywhere. Be outspoken on the popular sins of the day, and as speedily as possible wipe the foul blot of slavery from our national escutcheon. It is all-important in a Republican Government, that our laws be always on the side of justice. Here, where we have neither Pope nor king, no royal family, crown or scepter, no nobility, rank or class, nothing outward to cultivate or command our veneration, law, the immutable principles of right, are all and everything to us. See to it, you who have the best interests of this republic in your care, that your laws keep pace with public sentiment. If you would have us teach our sons a sacred reverence for law, so frame your Constitutions and your codes that in yielding obedience to their requirements they are not false to the holy claims of humanity. Here, where individual responsibilities are so great and the influence of one so all-powerful, I fain would have you all lovers of law and order, and meekly to suffer wrong, if need be, to preserve it; but when the panting fugitive throws himself on your generousity, check not the noble God-given impulses of your natures to place the man above all law. The only wise conservatives of the nation are they who would compel obedience to law, by bringing it into harmony with the everlasting principles of right. They are the only Union-savers who would effectually keep off dissolution by dispelling that dangerous miasma of slavery, which has ever proved so fatal to Republicanism, so deadly to all national virtue and strength. As we look over the history of the past, and learn the cause of the decline and fall of all the republics of the Old World, we are filled with wonder at the apathy and indifference of the people, as one by one those powerful nations gradually passed into oblivion. They all had their watchmen on the towers, who warned them of the coming ruin; their orators and poets, who worshipped at the shrine of freedom; their Senators who, in their national councils, showed a true patriotism, a love of liberty, and of all that was just, and right, and true. And we, too, have ours; faithful watchmen, brave senators, eloquent orators, and divine poets, all warning us of the fatal principles already incorporated and intertwined into every branch of our Government. Shall we heed their warnings, and in haste buckle on the armor of righteousness, and fight once more for freedom, or rush blindly on to destruction? Shall we, too, like the European Republics, give place to popes and emperors, to monarchs, autocrats and czars?

The crisis presses on us; face to face with us it stands
With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in Egypt's sands.
This day we fashion Destiny—our web of Fate we spin,
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin.
Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy crown,
We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down.

By all for which the martyrs bore their agony and shame;
By all the warning words of truth with which the prophets came;
By the future which awaits us; by all the hopes which cast
Their faint and trembling beams across the darkness of the past,
And by the blessed thought of Him who for earth's freedom died,
O, my people! O, my brothers! let us choose the righteous side.

So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on his way,
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay,
To make the rugged places smooth, and sow the vales with grain,
And bear with Liberty and Law the Bible in his train;
The mighty West shall bless the East, and sea shall answer sea,
And mountain unto mountain call, "Praise God!" for we are free!

THE SLAVE TRADE.

From The Times of Oct. 4.

YESTERDAY the ship Erie, of New York, arrived at the Brooklyn Navy Yard from Monrovia, on the coast of Africa, having been captured by the United States steamer Mohican. She had 890 slaves on board, of whom 860 were delivered to the Government agent at Monrovia, the other 30 having died on the voyage from the place of capture. She cleared from Havana on the 11th of April last for the Congo River, in charge of Capt. Knudson.

The Erie brings home Lieut. J. W. Dunnington, Passed-Midshipman H. D. Todd, and a prize crew of ten men, belonging to the captor of the slaver, the U. S. steamer Mohican. The Erie's officers supposed the Mohican to be an English man-of-war, and hoped, by hoisting the American flag, to evade examination. The Mohican sailed from Fernando Po on the 4th of August, and stood to the southward for Loando, having the squadron mail on board. When four days out, about fifty miles off the mouth of the Congo River, at 7 a.m., sighted a ship standing to the northwest; was about fifteen miles from the vessel, which was under all sail and port studding-sail; immediately got up additional steam and came near the stranger, which refused to show any colors. Fired a blank cartridge, and then the American ensign was hoisted from the peak of the suspicious craft. She hove to, and Lieut. Dunnington went on board. On getting inside the gangway, he was confronted by a Spanish gentleman, of rather respectable appearance, who spoke English well. The officer asked if the Spaniard was captain; the latter said not, but sent the visitor a

also with Craw-Craw or kind of Itch, I could not help offering a silent prayer to our Heavenly Father for mercy upon all who have to do with this abominable and outrageous traffic. Really, I could hardly look one of these poor Congos in the face. It seemed as if his heart cried out against me as an American, and as I looked around I really felt ashamed of my birthright and the country whose flag I was then standing under; and still worse were my feelings when I went forward and saw five or six of my own countrymen, bound hand and foot, being carried home as prisoners and pirates. Well might they look ashamed and guilty as I looked them in the eye, but was not allowed to speak to them. There were a few Spaniards and Portuguese, but the majority were Americans.

"I went down into the hold and saw the poor things tiered along as we would stow barrels, each touching the other and their bones piercing the slave deck. I could not stay down there more than two minutes, it was so hot and close. No wonder so many die on the passages."

A correspondent of *The Herald*, writing from Loando, August 14, says:

"The scene on going on board the Erie, as described by the officers of the Mohican, is beyond all comprehension. There were some twenty-eight men on board, which included owners, sailors, cooks, etc. No captain, or officers or owners, however, could be found, but by their dress and appearance there was no mistaking them. Some of the men were genteelly dressed, with all the appearance of gentlemen, but as soon as ever they found they were caught, and no escape, all hands immediately commenced drinking and breaking everything which they could lay their hands upon.

"On opening the hatches, which were all fastened down from one end of the deck to the other, with no light or air, except what came in through side holes or ports, being almost as dark as a cellar, the deck barely high enough to allow them to sit down, the stench which came up was perfectly awful. The men and boys were in one part of the deck, and the women and children in the other, separated by a sort of bulkhead.

"The manner of stowing them was as follows. They were stark naked, both sexes, sitting down upon the floor, with their legs apart, with another sitting between—sort of 'spoon fashion.'

"The women and children were stowed in the same way; many of the females were pregnant, six and seven months advanced, and some with infants at the breast. Many of the children came and got hold of the legs and hands of the officers of the Mohican, and with great difficulty they could be shaken off."

THE CASE OF THE SLAVER STORM KING.

CONFESSED BRIBERY OF A DEPUTY MARSHAL AT THIS PORT.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Times*, writing on board the frigate Niagara, at St. Paul de Loando, August 12, gives some interesting information concerning the slaver Storm King, late of this port. The Storm King, it will be remembered, recently arrived at Norfolk as a prize. *The Times* correspondent says:

"This vessel sailed from New York last April, and the captain of her—Lockhart by name—made no hesitation in informing the officers of the San Jacinto that *he had bribed the Deputy Marshal with* $1,000 *to let him depart from Sandy Hook.*"

Theodore Rynders, the Marshal's brother, was one of the parties accused of receiving the bribe, the offer of which is here confessed. Rynders has since become insane.

This case of the Storm King affords additional evidence of the accuracy of the list of New York slavers which was published in *The Evening Post* of the 28th July last. We copy the following paragraph from that list:

"No. 67—Brig Storm King, 229 tons, Lockhart. Cleared from New York by master. Owned by Spaniards at Havana. Fitted out by Portuguese. Two Deputy Marshals under indictment for her escape."

Within a week we have thus received confirmation of the reports concerning two slavers—the Erie and Storm King, which were fitted out at this port.—*Evening Post.*

SENTENCE OF SLAVE TRADERS IN BOSTON.

In the United States District Court at Boston, last week, Judge Sprague imposed the following sentences upon the convicted officers of the slaver bark Orion.

Thomas Morgan, part owner of the vessel, and her commander at the time of her capture, was fined $2,000, and sentenced to imprisonment for two years in jail.

Byron J. Chamberlain, first mate, was sentenced to imprisonment in jail for two years.

William Dunham, second mate, inprisoned for twenty-one months in jail.

THE "JERRY RESCUE" CELEBRATION.

THE Anniversary of the "Jerry Rescue" was celebrated at Syracuse on Monday, the 2d inst. Rev. Beriah Green occupied the chair, and the meetings were addressed by him, by Rev. S. J. May, Frederick Douglass and Professor Thome. An address to the public, written by Rev. S. J. May, was adopted by the Convention. A friend thus writes to the editor of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD: Beriah Green spoke very effectively both in the afternoon and evening. The nature and responsibilities of the ballot he plainly set forth with great clearness, showing too plainly for any contradiction what, except for the blinding influence of political excitement, all men might see, that it is impossible to vote for the sinner, and at the same time repudiate the sin, as some Lincoln partisans on the platform had affected to maintain. Beriah Green is ever brave, self-consistent and true. There is nothing ambiguous in his attitude, and you will readily enough know at any time, given the principle involved, where you may find the man. The meeting, I think, on the whole, was an excellent one, and will prove useful." The resolutions, which were passed unanimously, are as follows:

Resolved, That the act which on this, its anniversary day, we celebrate, the Rescue of Jerry, was an emphatic signal affirmation of the truths of justice and the rights of man; rights so primal, that they derive not their birth from any social arrangement or political compact among men, but inhere and reside originally, by divine ordination, in the human constitution, so substantial, real, and inextinguishable, that they cannot be altered or annulled by any enactment, but remain sovereign and sacred, to be honored everywhere, and in case of attempted violation, to be maintained, as above and before all covenants, statutes, and formal constitutions whatsoever.

Resolved, That in spirit and principle, this act was a pointed condemnation of slavery in its every assumption, as a thing essentially absurd, wicked and monstrous—a falsehood, too glaring and malignant to receive a single moment's assent—a crime, too gross and outrageous to be in any case endured—an atrocity, incapable, through whatever device, of any transformation in character or baptism into respectability, and meriting, at all times and under all circumstances, to be sternly denied, resisted, broken down, and trampled under foot.

Resolved, That in spirit and principle, this act was also a condemnation of all complicity with slavery, all participation, directly or indirectly, in the guilt, and it stands a perpetual admonition and rebuke to all who, however active in executing or loud in applauding the Rescue of Jerry, do yet give their suffrage and support to parties and platforms and candidates that ignore the slave, and stand pledged to the slaveholder for the maintenance to him inviolate of his "domestic institution," and avowedly committed to the shameful work of hunting down and remanding back to the horrors of slavery the flying bondman.

Resolved, That we deeply rejoice in those other Slave Rescues which have in different parts of our country successively followed this of Jerry—the rescue at Milwaukee, at Wellington and at Troy—and we hold in all honor the brave men and women who have been guilty of these acts of humanity, and hereby tender them our warmest sympathies in all those persecutions and sufferings to which for this sake they may be subjected.

Resolved, That we hear with unalloyed satisfaction of the rescue of that faithful rescuer, Sherman M. Booth, from the hands of the United States authorities at Milwaukee, and of the spirit evinced by his fellow-citizens to protect him from official re-seizure; and we hereby exhort the people of Wisconsin, that they suffer neither him nor his rescuers to be victimized by this conspiratous, slave-hunting government, but that they stand by and for them, in every extremity and at all hazards, holding themselves ready, should occasion arise, promptly to rescue them also in turn.

Resolved, That we utterly repudiate and renounce and put under our feet all Fugitive Slave laws, so called, whether of '93 or of '50, as inherently unjust, inhuman and atrociously wicked, whose mandates it were treason to obey, and loyalty to resist; and we hereby pledge ourselves henceforth steadily to oppose and decisively to thwart all attempted executions of them on this our soil—nay, to exert ourselves unceasingly until they become objects of universal reprobation and abhorrence, to be everywhere indignantly disowned, and in repentance and shame to be instantly wiped from the statute book of the nation.

Resolved, That the morbid sensitiveness, the apprehension and dread habitually exhibited throughout the South, the paroxysm of fright and terror that seized at the moment of the appearance of John Brown with his little band of intrepid rescuers at Harper's Ferry, the acts of ruthless violence, outrage and atrocity that followed each other in quick succession over all those States, and are not yet terminated, attest the felt guilt, the fearful exposures and perils of slavery; and that all the signs in this sky, the real or imagined insurrections, the wild panics and reckless, unbridled excesses of late constantly occurring, portend the swift downfall that awaits, and proclaim in omen not to be mistaken that slavery must be abolished or the enslaver must perish.

Resolved, That from all considerations, therefore, whether of justice or of expediency, if indeed there were an expediency apart from justice, out of regard to the sacred rights of the slave, and regard to the imperilled condition of the slaveholder, we feel impelled to urge anew and with fresh emphasis, immediate and unconditional emancipation, always a duty, and now become a stern, instant necessity; and we hereby covenant with each other steadfastly to work to this end, seeking its accomplishment by all just methods, without cessation and without compromise.

[The following letter from Senator Sumner was read to the meeting:]

BOSTON, Sept. 9th, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: You know well how much I sympathize with you personally, and also how much I detest the Fugitive Slave bill as a flagrant violation of the Constitution, and of the most cherished human rights—as shocking to Christian sentiments, as insulting to humanity, and as impudent in all its pretensions. Of course, I agree with you that such an enactment, having no sanction in the Constitution, in Christianity or in reason, ought not to be allowed to remain on the statute book; meanwhile, I trust that the honorable, freedom-loving, peaceful, good and law-abiding citizens, acting in the name of a violated Constitution, and for the sake of law, will see that this infamous counterfeit is made a *dead letter*. And I am happy to believe that all this can be accomplished by an aroused public opinion, which, without violence of any kind, shall surround every "person" who treads our soil with all the safeguards of the citizen, and shall teach the slaveholder, whenever he shows himself, that he must expect from Northern men no sympathy or support in his barbarous pursuit.

At your proposed meeting, which it will not be in my power to attend, I trust that a just hatred of slavery in all its pretensions will be subjected to that temperate judgment which knows how to keep a sacred animosity within the limits of the Constitution and the law.

Accept my thanks for the invitation with which you have honored me, and believe me, with much personal regard and constant sympathy,

Sincerely yours, CHARLES SUMNER.

The Rev. S. J. MAY.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

DONATIONS.

IN accordance with our usual custom at this season we make an appeal to the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society for the payment of pledges made during the year, or for any donations they may now be disposed to contribute to its funds. Letters may be addressed to Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting of the PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the Public Hall, at Kennett Square, Chester Co., on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, the 25th and 26th of October.

The advanced position of our anti-slavery movement, and its increased importance as an element in the politics of the country invest the enterprise, at this juncture, with especial interest, and expose it to peculiar dangers. Guided by wise counsels, no apprehensions need be entertained of its final and not distant triumph; but made to serve the ends of party leaders, or conducted, even in good faith, on the basis of a mere outward expediency, a calamitous issue must be the inevitable result.

To guard the cause against the perils which beset it, and, at the same time, afford it all the facilities needed for its promotion, will be the business of the Society at its approaching meeting.

We invoke a full attendance of our members and friends, and invite the presence and cooperation of all others sincerely favorable to our object.

It affords us pleasure to state that the honored pioneer of our cause, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, has signified his intention to be with us.

By order of the Executive Committee,

JAMES MOTT, Chairman.

ZION IN DISTRESS.

THE Martyr Age of America is not over yet. Mrs. Martineau was mistaken if she thought the Abolitionists the only martyrs this country can afford, and their sufferings the only persecutions which holy men are liable to endure for conscience sake. This city has been the scene of a notable persecution of the saints, and that within less than a month past. And saints, too, who suffer not for mere secular and mundane frivolities like slavery or its abolition, but Christians of the very highest proof and first water, and all because of the faith that is in them. Mr. John Jay hath much to answer for. He has thrown a venerable assembly of Christian divines and laymen into most admired confusion, by putting them to the question they most of all dread, while scoffing heretics stood by and made merry at their miseries. Nero and Domitian were humane and considerate philanthropists in comparison with him. They tortured and put to death such Christians as they could comfortably lay their hands on, as they came along. We do not remember that they ever put to the torture a whole Council of the Church at once by a single twist of the rack, watching their opportunity till the Church Universal had gathered itself together by representation in the persons of its Bishops, and Presbyters, and Priests, and Deacons, and Laymen, to pounce upon their meeting and make sure of their cruel sport. St. Dominick and Torquemada might profitably take a leaf out of the book of this new Inquisitor. It was an *Auto da Fé*—an Act of Faith—more cruel than any that went before it, because it not merely subjected the sufferers to the most frightful torments, but made them laughed at into the bargain—thus robbing their agonies of the Crown of Glory which should reward them.

We can most sincerely sympathize with these afflicted confessors. Coming to New York with no worse expectations than a comfortable routine of ordinary ecclesiastical business, relieved by cheerful dinners and lively receptions at the houses of eminent churchmen, clerical or laic, to be roughly awakened from what Gibbon calls "the fat slumbers of the Church" by an interruption so grating to their ears and so repulsive to their souls, was indeed enough to make them forget their good manners in the zeal for their Zion which ate them up. Mr. Jay clearly does not understand the true uses and objects of the great ecclesiastical body of which he is a member. He evidently judges of its legitimate purposes by the example of the Church in the days of the apostles and early fathers. Nothing can be more absurd. For, besides the obvious truth which the poet, Hosea Biglow, hath clothed in immortal verse, that

"*They didn't know everything down in Judee,*"

(otherwise St. Paul, though he might have sent Onesimus back to Philemon, never would have called him "a brother beloved") it is perfectly clear that the duties of mankind are not to be gauged and measured by those antiquated mensurations, in these days of more advanced civilization and patent improvements. Idolatry was the sin the Church was established to destroy, and there is no objection to its keeping to this purpose still. It is meant for a place of repose after the fatigues of the week, and the model minister (if we may be excused for drawing an example from the ranks of Dissent) is one like the Rev. Dr. Adams, of Boston, whose great parishioner, Mr. Choate, certified to his never having given him the smallest disturbance by his preaching. It is a place, properly, where

"To sleep the cushion and soft Dean invite,"

and nothing can be more irritating and disgusting than to have the sins one is inclined to thrust into one's ears against the stomach of the sense. Is there nothing but slavery and the slave trade for this Disturber of the Churches to dabble with? Is there not the Pope? Is not Juggernaut open to him? Can he not breathe himself upon the Dissenters? It is a clear case for excommunication and delivery over to be buffeted.

We think there is a good deal to be learnt from the manner in which these uncanonical assaults of Mr. Jay on the peace and dignity of the Convention were received. We do not propose entering at this time into the question of the duty of a Christian Church in the presence of slavery and the slave trade. We cannot be accused of wholly neglecting that theme in these columns, and therefore we shall not just now molest it again. But we hold that the world is free to draw its own conclusions as to the state of mind which produces any particular course of action, whether in Church or in Congress. It is very clear that the idea of saying anything unpleasant about the slave trade—albeit it is a felony by the statute law of this Glorious Union—is abhorrent to the righteous souls of the Convention, and there must be a reason for it. We do not imagine that the Rev. Dr. Vinton is a sleeping partner in any house engaged in the slave trade, or that the Rev. Dr. Creighton has invested the savings of his salary in a venture in the brig Tavernier; and yet they could hardly have been more eager to put down action on Mr. Jay's resolutions, if they had been. We can hardly conceive that the handsome vote of 128 to 12, of both orders, by which this nefarious plot received its *quietus*, was altogether because a large proportion of those reverend and pious gentlemen, or the Churches they stood for, are deeply engaged in the Guinea trade. This element undoubtedly entered into this satisfactory result, but not to an extent to shake our faith in the magnanimous disinterestedness of the great mass of the Convention. It could not have been a direct appeal to the immediate pockets of that assembly of sound divines and weighty laymen that led them to so gratifying a unanimity. The reason must be sought elsewhere and outside of the actual and visible pale of the Church, though not beyond the daily walk and conversation of the living stones of which it is built up.

Mr. Jay, by way of aggravating the tortures of his victims, made a distinction between action directly against slavery as it exists in this country and against the African slave trade. We will not deny that, for the purposes of his argument, he might legitimately make such a distinction. But the martyrs in the arena of Trinity Church knew well that it was a distinction without a difference for them. Their instinct was altogether too true to be deceived by any such logical subtlety as that. They remembered how they had been worried in that same scene of suffering in former years, and the desperation to which they had been roused by the devices of the same tormentor. For, if slavery be not a horribly bad thing, wherein lies the great objection to the traffic which it creates, and which must exist as long as it does? If it be not a wicked thing to hold a slave, how can it be such a crime to bring one over to be held? The argument for the foreign slave trade is perfect, if the lawfulness of slavery and the morality of the domestic slave trade be conceded. These reverend Doctors in Divinity had not been to theological schools for nothing. They can see where a conclusion hitches on to its premises as well as any lawyer of them all. They knew that the discussion of Mr. Jay's resolutions would open the whole of the forbidden subject. Wall street was so near that the noise of its usual traffic must have been always in their ears where they sat, and they could well imagine the roar that would come up from that typical seat of commerce, should the news be spread that the Convention were meddling with what concerned them not. Besides, the rehabilitation of the slave trade is already openly demanded by a large party in the South, counting in its ranks, undoubtedly, many of the most eminent churchmen in that region. Was schism to be invoked and provoked by the utterance of heresies like these? To ask the question is to answer it.

The effect, then, which this passage in our ecclesiastical history is fitted to produce on the unenlightened mind of the world outside the pale, and to such weak brethren within it as the Lord Bishop of Oxford and his like, is this. The black thread which runs through the golden tissue of our commerce is long enough and strong enough to hold and bind the ministers of the Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New York from saying a harsh word of it. And this, not so much from its direct strength as twisted and woven by the plastic fingers of their own godly parishioners, as from the power added to it by the influences of the Church South and by its implication with all the fibres of Northern trade. An ecclesiastical body, containing a large proportion, probably the largest, of the wealth, education and refinement of the largest diocese in America, with a learned clergy and a laity occupying the highest social positions, refuses to condemn the foreign slave trade, which has been branded as piracy by almost every civilized nation on earth, and which is more largely prosecuted in its own seat than anywhere else in the world! We do not know what Bishop Wilberforce may think of the Christian character of such a body, but he surely cannot withhold the meed of his wonder at its courage. We will freely admit, in conclusion, that we have no doubt that Mr. Jay's attack upon the peace of the Church will be highly gratifying to those disorderly persons who hold to the heresy that black men have rights which white men are bound to respect. But whether their applause can make him amends for the rebuke he has received from the Council of his Diocese, is a matter for him to settle with the Church and with his own conscience.

DR. CHEEVER IN SWITZERLAND.

[The following extracts of a private letter from Dr. CHEEVER to one of his most intimate friends in this city, who, at our request, kindly permits us to publish them, will be welcome to all our readers.—*Ed. Standard.*]

GENEVA, 17 Sept., 1850.

* * * THERE are no slaves here, and very few abuses that I can discover, except the abuse of the Sabbath, which is common to all continental Europe, and is a part, an essential part, of the system of Romanism, in whatever degree it prevails. There are noble aspirations here, and a spirit of freedom, generated, I do believe, and sustained by the very mountains. Here you can always say, I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help! And, dear brother, remember, that in our desperate conflict for the freedom of others deprived of it, the God that made these mountains as the type of the spiritual truths with which he surrounds and strengthens his people, will be our God and our strength, even unto death. Here, at this great distance from the scene and reality of such oppressions as darken and deform our dear native land, the enterprise for the deliverance of those millions in bondage does not diminish in importance and grandeur, but rises, on the contrary, and shows its magnificent proportions, as Mont Blanc, with his regal snow-front, towers above the whole range of mountains. The range is one, with all its varied peaks and masses, just as all the undertakings of Christian benevolence are one and the same mighty chain of love, faith, and good works, in Christ Jesus. But as in the face of these mountain ranges, when you are close under them, you cannot distinguish which is highest, but each dweller at the foot of some great peak thinks *that* is the highest of all, and cannot tell, till at a distance, what is its true comparative elevation, just so with the enterprises in which we embark for Christ and for our fellow-men for his sake. At a distance we can survey them all, and give to each its due magnitude. Now, it is my deliberate judgment that we have not overestimated in any way the majesty and greatness of the Abolition enterprise as a work of Christian truth and love. It shines as the highest of the mountain ranges in the American horizon at least. When we were in Chamouny, Mont Blanc seemed to crowd upon us, and oppress us. We could see the glaciers, the savage ravines, the enormous overwhelming masses: it was frightful as well as grand, it was overwhelming, despotic, leaving no place for anything else. Just so with our great work in its presence and under its pressure at home. But here, at Geneva, that same mountain rises into the heavens, how gloriously, how supreme, how transcendent above all others, the most glorious earthly vision that the sun ever blazoned. And just so with the great and terrible enterprise of piety and love you are engaged in for your brethren in bonds; near at hand it oppresses you, it pours down savage glaciers upon you, it presents abysses and awful precipices dangerous to scale and impossible to bridge over, and the attempted ascent seems foolhardy, and when you enter upon it, it leaves no room nor thought for anything else, and you seem to be throwing your life away in an impossibility, only, perhaps, to perish. But take a higher position in Christ, stand afar off, and look at the work in its true glory and comparative grandeur, with the Sun of Christ's love and righteousness shining upon it, and you find you have not been mistaken. It is infinitely glorious, it is not an impossibility, all its savage recesses are filled up with light, all its torrents of ice and rock that, in the shape of lies and enemies and rotten Churches, seemed pouring down upon you for your destruction, are merged and forgotten in the glory, and your part in it is a part of your inheritance in Christ. Therefore be not discouraged. If in this life you do not get this view and this realization, you will from the heights of the New Jerusalem. Every sacrifice you are making for the poor slave, every calumny and reproach you have to bear for Christ's sake in this great cause, all the mercenary and yet anointed blackguardism of *New-York Observers*, and engines of Satan equally unprincipled, but not so hypocritical, all the stabs of Judases and Joabs in the guise of friends, all the roar of the waves and tumult of the people against you, are but so many elements of final triumph for you. On many accounts this cause is the greatest in the American World, and not the least matter of importance is its essential connection with the purity and the fortunes of the American Church, that must stand or fall on this issue. For if the piety of our land is such as can endure and embrace American slavery, woe be to it; and if religion in America is not true enough to Christ, has not enough of salt and life in it to overcome and remove this abomination, it will be itself the world's dunghill, despised of all generations, an offence and a stumbling block to all. Now then, our little persecuted Church must persevere; you must not give up, nor faint, nor be disheartened. And yet, I know not what God is doing with you now, nor whether he is leading you out of the fire, or into its hotter crucibles. We have not heard a word by letter from America, but expect letters either in Paris or London. We leave to-day for Paris. * * * * What wonders God is accomplishing by Garibaldi. All Europe is being stirred up. He is neither more nor less than a John Brown for Italy, *with success*. Success is what makes the hero, and constitutes greatness and virtue in men's estimation. The end of the Popedom seems close at hand. I do not believe the French Emperor will dare again to play the traitor to freedom in Italy. If he does, and God still holds up Garibaldi against him, it is all over with him. He and his throne will go down with that of the old Giant Grim, whom he invites to lean upon his shoulders.

* * * * * * *

God be with you, and with all our dear Church, my dear brother. Remember us most affectionately and prayerfully to all. If I had had time to indite something expressive of our love to you all in Christ, I would have said, Let this epistle be read to the dear brethren and sisters, whose hearts are with you in the dear cause of our Redeemer. The Lord keep you all, and guide and bless you in your difficult course. We see its difficulties plainer than ever, but its grandeur, importance, and true glory also. So may the Lord keep you all faithful, and this must ever be your prayer for us, which may the Lord in mercy answer abundantly for his own mercy's sake.

Ever most affectionately and truly,

Your brother in Christ, GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

[We are permitted to extract from another private letter of Dr. Cheever to a friend, dated Geneva, September 16th, the following:]

I FIND great indifference as to the cause of the enslaved, and forgetfulness as to their oppression and misery, and lukewarmness in regard to any proposed activity in their behalf. There is also a wide-spread, prevailing belief that slavery is somehow sanctioned in the Bible, and this prevents strong ground being taken, and makes men unwilling to hear the denunciation and excommunication of the sin announced and insisted on from the Word of God. Meantime, people have so many things of their own to attend to, and so many subjects of excitement, and so many calls of benevolence, that the work of getting up any enthusiasm in behalf of the slave is hedged round with great difficulty.

At present, too, all Europe is absorbed in the wildest excitement in regard to Garibaldi and Italy. Most amazing are the providences of God in this matter, and the success of this hero is such that his career is one of the most marked and manifest providential interpositions and movements of the age. It looks as if the complete overthrow of the Popedom and the redemption of Italy were near at hand. We know not what to expect from the French Emperor, nor what traitor trick as to the cause of freedom he may yet play. Very likely he may come out against Garibaldi. But if God spares this remarkable man, and continues to sustain him, there is an end to Napoleon's empire if he opposes him. France hypocritically exclaims against the intervention of Victor Emanual and Garibaldi in the kingdom of the Pope, and they themselves threaten and bluster—themselves (the Emperor and his government) just fresh from such intervention, and still at work with it against freedom!

But Garibaldi carries all men's sympathies and hearts, and success has so sanctified his operations, that even some governments of Europe go with him. So it would have been with John Brown, had he been successful in his effort in behalf of the enslaved. Everybody applauds Garibaldi for marching to the redemption of the Sicilians; but what had the Sicilians to suffer, in comparison with the millions of enslaved Americans? The Abolitionist of slavery is loaded with reproach and obloquy; the Abolitionist of despotism is applauded and cheered. For the present, the heroism required in America is moral, and the most rare and difficult. The time may speedily come, however, when there will be John Browns in an open field, with irresistible impulse and power. Unless the moral heroism be soon manifested, the physical slaughter, the fire, the garments rolled in blood, are inevitable. God have mercy on our country! What are we not sacrificing, of good we might confer upon the world, by maintaining as a national, chosen and defended policy, this horrible system of oppression and crime! * * *

But the Lord God, after all, has the newspapers, as well as the hearts of men and the fate of nations, in his hands. So we may safely leave every part of our great cause with him. All we want is to have him on our side, and if we are sure of this, and he grants us his forgiving and sustaining grace and presence, we may laugh at the world's grievances, even though the professed Church of Christ were mocking also, or railing and opposing. The Lord keep you, and preserve us unto his heavenly kingdom!

MEETINGS IN ULSTER AND SULLIVAN COUNTIES, N. Y.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SUBSEQUENT to the Convention at Ellenville, of which I made mention to you in my last, I addressed meetings at Greenfield (Ulster Co.), in connection with Mrs. Lucy N. Colman of Rochester. They were well attended by intelligent, attentive listeners, who, for the lack of a better place, assembled in the Dancing Hall of a Hotel. Near by was a Methodist church, a Friends' meeting-house, and a commodious school-house, neither of which was available for anti-slavery purposes. It strkes one as not a little remarkable that while Methodist ministers, on mere suspicion of having anti-slavery proclivities, are almost every month being hung at the South, their brethren in this latitude should remain quite indifferent thereto, and not only so, but still persist, with lively zeal, in forestalling the efforts of Abolitionists! The stultifying influence of slavery in the North is indeed marvellous. The conservative Quaker brethren, you well know, are very strongly "moved" to "keep in the quiet," concerning all agitating questions looking toward progress and reform. The school-house at Greenfield is presided over by a so-called "Democrat," who very undemocratically, as Trustee, compelled his neighbors, who were, with himself, joint proprietors of the school-room, to go to the Hotel for the anti-slavery meeting. A little incident occurred here at the close of our last meeting, which I must mention to you as illustrative of the condition of the "Democrats" who are scattered about in the "rural districts." After the adjournment of our meeting, a man, who announced himself a Democrat, mounted the platform, and, after berating the "niggers" for a time, proceeded to eulogize the Democratic party, and concluded by the rallying cry of "Now, gentlemen, three cheers for—*let's see who?*"—an awful pause—during which his auditors burst forth in hearty laughter, and, to the orator's confusion, the cheers were finally spent upon a variety of persons and candidates! Thus is it, in these times of "division" and "fusion," with most Democrats; if they would "throw up their hats," they must needs pause a little, and inquire for whom.

I am indebted for most hospitable entertainment while at Greenfield, to the Rev. Joseph Foster and family. They are generous-hearted, well educated English people. Mr. Foster was a Methodist preacher in England, and on coming to this country formed a connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, but, disappointed in its character in reference to slavery, he withdrew therefrom and united himself with the Wesleyans, and for a time preached in connection with that branch of Methodists. But with the Wesleyans, too, he found too little anti-slavery sympathy, and too little conscientious effort in behalf of the slave, and coming out from among them, he is now an ex-minister, and an out-and-out Abolitionist. Of other meetings of a cheering and interesting character at Sheldrake (Sullivan Co.), Pleasant Valley, Hornowack, New Paltz and Milton I will endeavor to give you some account in my next.

A. M. P.

THE QUESTION IGNORED.

IN *The Independent* of last week we find a letter from Syracuse, giving an account of the proceedings of the General Association (Congregational) of New York. It contains not the slightest allusion to slavery, from which we infer that the subject was not acted upon or even entertained by the Association. Dr. Cheever not being there this year, as he was the last, to annoy his clerical brethren by introducing the unwelcome topic, it was doubtless ignored. Ecclesiastical bodies do not spontaneously "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them;" they only entertain the slavery question when they are compelled to do so by what they regard as the "imprudent zeal" of some member who happens to care more for humanity than for ecclesiastical routine or the upbuilding of a sect; and even then they almost never meet the question fairly, but usually contrive to get rid of it by adopting a resolution which, while it practically amounts to nothing, *sounds* just enough like genuine anti-slavery to deceive the public. *The Independent*, when Dr. Cheever was about to leave the country, cited a resolution of this sort to make British Abolitionists believe that the General Association of New York was as sound on the slavery question as the Doctor himself, concealing the fact that the said resolution was adopted only to get rid of a clearer and stronger one presented by him. This year, Dr. Cheever being absent, the Association treated the subject with the indifference of utter silence. The members, when rebuked for this by Abolitionists, will excuse themselves by citing the sham resolution adopted last year as containing the sentiment of the body; which is just as reasonable as it would be for a fire company to excuse itself from aiding to put out a conflagration in 1860, on the ground that it had recorded its *opinion* against fires in 1859! Do religious bodies act in this way in regard to missions, Church extension, Sunday Schools, or any other object in which they feel a hearty interest? Never. In regard to such subjects, the motto is "line upon line, precept upon precept," with unceasing repetition and unflagging zeal. But the abolition of slavery is not embraced among the enterprises of the Church, and is therefore either ignored or treated as a troublesome question, to be got rid of as speedily as possible.

TESTIMONIAL LETTER TO THE CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.

To the Church of the Puritans, New York:

DEAR AND HONORED BRETHREN: We address you thus, first, because for the sake of Christ and his poor, the oppressed, in whose behalf you have been overtaken with a storm of reproach and opprobrium, you are dear to us; and next, because the earnest moral war which your Pastor has waged against the dominant iniquity of this nation, and the integrity with which you have hitherto stood by him in that war, have made your position a moral Thermopylæ, which is the highest honor that can be assigned to a branch of the militant Church to defend and maintain.

Dear and honored brethren, we do now address you, not in tones of commiseration, but in words of lofty cheer, "Be strong and quit yourselves like men." In the Providence of God you have been called to an important post in the defence of American freedom and Christianity. Your lion-hearted Pastor, with a boldness all in keeping with his whole previous history, has attacked slavery in this country with the Word of God, as if he meant and expected, through the power of God, to destroy it. And in so doing, he has made good the words of the Lord Jesus, "A man's foes shall be they of his own household."

It was not to have been expected that in a city where Mammon is worshipped and Wealth rules, both in Church and State, such repeated and powerful blows at a reigning iniquity could be struck with impunity from that pulpit with the maintenance of which you are honored. We are not surprised at the wrath and vituperation of politicians, nor at the hebdomadal slanders of *The New York Observer*, but we have been amazed beyond measure at the repeated and malignant attacks of that very press which your Pastor had especially honored and enriched by his communications.

Since the last manifestations in that quarter, we have felt that we could not withhold from yourselves and Dr. Cheever a testimonial of confidence and respect. We recognize in the latter the same bold and uncompromising witness for the truth who signalized his early ministry in Salem, Mass., with an "Address at the Religious Celebration of the Fourth of July, on the principles according to which this world is governed, contrasted with the Government of God, and the principles exhibited for man's guidance in the Bible." That extraordinary production—worthy to be issued as a tract for the times—makes it manifest that your Pastor, in attacking, as he has, the practice of slaveholding as a sin in itself, is but carrying out the principles which he then applied to Intemperance, and with almost precisely the same results to himself and the community.

As he suffered then for his brave advocacy of the Temperance reformation, and every distillery in the land trembled under the strokes of the youthful Pastor of the Howard street Church, even when he lay in the Salem jail, and as a faithful Church, witnessing in prayer, nobly stood by him when slandered and maligned, so now suffers that same Minister of Christ, in the maturity of his strength and genius, for the still nobler advocacy of the principles of Christian abolitionism, and the Bastile of American slavery quakes from the thunder of God's Word pealing from the pulpit on Union square; and a Church, that we trust will continue to prove itself worthy of the name which it bears, sends him forth with prayer that he may awaken the slumbering sympathies of God's people in the home of the Puritans and the Covenanters, to assist us in the noblest work yet achieved by Christianity in our world—the overthrow of American slavery, and the enfranchisement of four millions of slaves!

We have not understood you as claiming, either for yourselves or Pastor, that you were alone in your fidelity to freedom and a pure Christianity, or that no other Church or pulpit took a position as advanced as your own. We should despair, indeed, of the Republic and of the American Church, were both fallen so low that there were no faithful witnesses for Christ in the person of the slave, except those who are in your ranks. Blessed be God, there are other Abdiels of the American pulpit, and other Churches

——"Faithful found
Among the faithless,"

who have witnessed a good confession; but these, dear friends, everywhere turn to you in sympathy and in prayer, recognizing that you occupy a position of special importance, and that against which the most fearful onsets of the foe are made. The Church of the Puritans is at present the Malakoff of the fight. Let it not fall before these terrible assaults of the enemy.

Be assured, then, brethren, the longing and anxious eyes of very many in the nation are directed to you as in a post of peculiar responsibility, which you are to keep, not merely for yourselves, but for the Church at large, and for the sacred cause of freedom and humanity. Only be ye faithful, and God will approve and honor your fidelity, and will soon give a great victory to the principles for which you contend.

As to your absent Pastor, we have good confidence that God will keep him, and that through your prayers and the spirit of Jesus Christ he shall in nothing be ashamed, but in due time shall be restored to you, all the dearer to your hearts, and the more to be prized and cherished for the effectual service which we trust God will enable him to render to the cause of humanity in the land of our fathers.

If called upon to endure yet more of trial and detraction before your battle is fought and your warfare ended, remember the words of a great statesman—"It is not in Roman customs only, but it is in the very nature of things, that obloquy and abuse should be essential parts of triumph." Remember the words of Christ—"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake; rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

Allow us now, in closing our testimonial, with earnest prayer that the trials through which you are passing by the strife of tongues and the envenomed arrows of the religious (?) press may carry you together to a throne of grace, and bind you the more closely to one another and to your under Shepherd in the Lord, to quote for your encouragement the closing words of the address to which we have referred, delivered by your Pastor, in Salem, Mass., in the year 1833.

"We fully believe the time is coming when it will be no longer the declaration of truth, but error and expediency, that will expose man to the indignation of his race. It will not long be possible to hold men's minds in such bondage to darkness as to make them believe that selfishness is not guilt, that unbelief is innocent, that oppression is ever necessary, or that moral error is not hateful depravity. The time is coming when all things shall so shine in the light of the Bible, that HOLINESS to the Lord shall be written even on the bells of the horses."

"The maxims of this world, and the principles according to which it is managed, shall not much longer run counter to the hand of God. The experiment has been tried and found ruinous. Ruin after ruin lies scattered over the world. Empire after empire, crash after crash, tumbles to the ground. So it will be till the nations learn that in God only is strength, individually or nationally. 'Put them in fear, O Lord, that the nations may know themselves to be but men.' Let every Christian do his duty, and the nations will soon learn this. Whoever has a part in bringing forward this era of glory, if his heart is in the work, shall have the privilege to look back upon it, and upon God's overruling Providence, from a post of holy observation amidst

'The sanctities of Heaven!'"

Rev. J. R. W. SLOANE, Pastor of the 3d Reformed Presbyterian Church (Covenanter), New York.
Rev. ANDREW STEVENSON, Pastor of the 2d Reformed Presbyterian Church, New York.
Rev. J. C. K. MILLIGAN, Pastor of the 1st Reformed Presbyterian Church, New York.
Rev. JAMES M. DICKSON, Church of the Covenanters, Brooklyn.
Rev. JAMES MILLIGAN, D.D., Reformed Presbyterian.
Rev. A. M. MILLIGAN, Pastor of Reformed Presbyterian Church, New Alexandria, Penn. Also sanctioned by a unanimous vote of Mr. Milligan's congregation.
Rev. J. S. T. MILLIGAN, Pastor of Reformed Presbyterian Church, Birmingham, Mich.
Rev. J. M. JOHNSON, Ref. Pres., Syracuse, N. Y.
Rev. HENRY H. GEORGE, Ref. Pres., Cedarville, Ohio.
Rev. THOMAS ELDER, Pastor of Reform

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, October 8th.

THE article from *The Press* on the colored people of Philadelphia, to which I referred in my last, is copied, I see, into the columns of *The Liberator*, and will doubtless fall under the notice of some of your readers. As it contains several inaccuracies of statement and reference, it will not be amiss to take this opportunity of correcting them.

In the first place, the individual referred to by the reporters as their "guide" (who will be readily recognized from his portrait), is erroneously represented as "lifting his glass" and proposing a toast. The sentiment of the toast was a very good one, but the credit of offering it belongs to another. The writer had *personal* reasons for being a trifle inaccurate on this point. The "guide" owns to approving the sentiment, but disclaims the "glass." He is an avowed temperance man, and would be as clear of touching the forbidden cup, as he would of uttering a "wilful and malicious libel"—another and graver offence with which he has been charged. He claims to be innocent of both.

In the next place, the reporters introduce by name our friend, Robert Purvis, and speak of him and his concerns with great freedom. What they say is kind enough in intention, and even complimentary, but it is done in a style not exactly adapted to the tastes of one so sensitive. Mr. Purvis is not an obtrusive man. He does not boast, nor plume himself on any advantage he may be supposed to possess of person or property. His pride—and in this he is not deficient—is the pride of self-respect. It is the sentiment that swells the bosom of every honorable man. His possessions—of which it is not his wont to speak—he regards as an accident. They came to him by inheritance, and the only credit he claims in regard to them is that he has preserved them from improper waste.

As will have been inferred, Mr. Purvis talked with the reporters with great freedom. It is his way to make the most of every opportunity that offers of saying a good word for the cause. On this occasion the subject of prejudice was the topic of discussion, and on this he enlarged—illustrating the absurdity of our national antipathy by incidents drawn from his own experience One of these the reporters have undertaken to repeat, but in doing so they have used such liberties with some of the facts as to impair, to some degree, the authenticity of the narrative. I allude to the story of the sea voyage and the Hayne family. The real facts of that story, briefly but correctly stated, are as follows:

In the year 1834, Mr. Purvis, being then in delicate health, was induced by his physician to go on a voyage to Europe. It was proper before starting that he should have a passport, and to this end he solicited the offices of his friend and counsellor, Horace Binney, Esq., who was then at Washington, a member of Congress from the Second District of this city. Mr. Binney procured for him, not a passport in regular form, but merely a *protection*. This was not pleasing to Mr. Purvis, and, though he forbore complaint to his friend, he was free to express his dissatisfaction to others. Roberts Vaux, Esq. (father of our late Mayor), got to hear of the circumstances, and was so indignant that he offered of his own accord to write to Washington to procure a regular passport executed in due form. He was just the man to do this, for he was a Democrat in politics, and in relations of personal favor, besides, with the administration (General Jackson's) then in power. He was as good as his word, and in due time received and handed over to Mr. Purvis a regular paper, in the usual form, describing the appearance and *color* of its subject, *declaring his citizenship*, and claiming for him all the rights and immunities that such instruments are designed to protect.

This difficulty, however, was hardly settled till another arose, having the same origin. Mr. Purvis had engaged passage on board one of Cope's sailing packets—it was before the day of ocean steamers—but before the time to start had come, one of the owners, (Mr. Henry Cope) came to him and stated that objection was made to his going out in the cabin, on the ground of his color. The chief—perhaps the only—objector, was a Mr. Bernard Carter, of Virginia, who, hearing that a colored man was to be one of the passengers, declared that he would not go out in the same vessel with a negro. Mr. Cope was embarrassed. He would not ask Mr. Purvis to give up his place, but it was evident that he would be very glad if he should voluntarily do so. He was not kept long in suspense. Mr. Purvis gave up his berth, and went to New York, where, without difficulty, he found a ship ready to receive him, and in which he crossed the ocean in the enjoyment of all the courtesies awarded to other passengers. From his departure till his return, neither by word nor sign was he ever once insulted by an invidious allusion to his color or the class with which he stood identified.

When the time came for him to reembark for America, Mr. Purvis went down to Portsmouth, whence he was to sail, and whom should he find there, on the same errand, and at the same hotel, but the identical Bernard Carter who would not sail from Philadelphia in the same vessel "with a negro"! The ship would not be ready to start for a few days, and, as was natural, the two Americans being in the same house, with similar prospects before them, became mutually acquainted. Mr. Carter, though a vulgarian in the matter of American prejudice, was in other respects, at least in outward manners, a well-bred gentleman. He took quite a fancy to Mr. Purvis, and begged that he would get a seat beside him at the ship's table, urging as an argument that he had some choice wines of which he should like him to partake. Though this was before the days of temperance, it is not likely that the argument had much weight with one of our friend's abstemious habits; but be that as it may, the arrangement was consummated, and the two came home together, cheek by jowl, on terms of the heartiest good friendship. It was Mr. Carter's custom, in good weather, to promenade the deck, and he invariably selected as his arm-in-arm companion—he was an elderly man and needed support—his dark-skinned countryman.

There was quite a number of Americans aboard; among them, David Hoffman, Esq., and lady of Baltimore, and Arthur P. Hayne and family of Charleston, South Carolina. Among those who were not Americans was an English Judge of some distinction, who, with a large family, was coming out to Canada. Mr. Purvis was treated by all with the utmost courtesy. If any of the company had any suspicions of his color—that is of the class with which he was connected—they showed no signs of it. In actual complexion there was but little difference between him and his fellow South Carolinians; for it must be remembered that the Palmetto State had the honor of our friend's nativity. At first he was a little embarrassed as to the course it would be proper for him to pursue. In the frankness of his nature he was inclined to make known at once that he was by birth and choice identified with the proscribed race. But why should he do this? Was he not a man—and were any of the rest more? What had they to do with his genealogy? Why, by a gratuitous declaration in advance, imply an inferiority which he did not feel? What good would it do? Would it promote the harmony of the company, or conduce to any individual's happiness? These questions admitted of but one answer. His course was clear. He would speak of his descent when occasion should call for it; not before.

As they drew near New York, the port to which they were destined, the captain, according to custom, gave a special dinner to the passengers. It was a gay occasion. The champagne popped, toasts were offered, glasses were touched, and all was hilarity and good humor. The Judge, whose name I have forgotten, proposed—"The President of the United States,"—and looked to the captain for a reply. The captain was a good sailor, but no speaker. He claimed immunity from want of skill, and with eyes directed to Mr. Purvis suggested that the duty of replying should devolve on the youngest American present. The suggestion was hailed with satisfaction, and Mr. Purvis was compelled to rise to his feet. He complied; and with less reluctance than might have been expected, for it happened, oddly enough, that he was completely prepared. The way of that was this: A few weeks before, he had attended an Emancipation festival in Glasgow, where it was his part, by prearrangement, to second a toast to the memory of the Marquis de Lafayette. Mr. Purvis, not being then, as he is now, a ready speaker, took the precaution, like a wise man, to write out and commit before hand what he had to say. His speech was a florid eulogy of the distinguished French soldier and philanthropist. That speech was still fresh in his memory, and all he had to do, on this occasion, was to strike out the name of General Lafayette, and substitute that of General Jackson. This he did, and with round voice and ready flow "piled up the agony" in honor of the brave soldier and fearless chief magistrate who presided over the destinies of the Great American Republic. The hit was capital. The company were delighted, and it was pronounced on all hands a most excellent speech. Mr. Hoffman was, perhaps, an exception to the general feeling. As a patriot he was well pleased with the laudation of his country's first officer, but as a politician (he was an anti-Jackson man) he thought the speaker had laid it on a little too thick. Mr. Hayne, however, was in ecstacies—he was an officer under the administration, and I believe was then returning home from the Mediterranean, where he had been sent on some governmental mission. Of course a speech of this kind was marrow to his bones.

It was now Mr. Purvis's turn, and in acknowledgment of the compliment of the English Judge, he proposed—"The king." "What king?" "King of what?" cried out several Americans, affecting not to know, and much amused at the young man's obvious embarrassment. "Do you ask *what* king?" said he, recovering his self-possession. "If I had meant the king of the French, I should have said so; or if I had meant the king of Spain, I should have said so. But I said—*The* King." This, while it turned the laugh on his interrogators, completely overcame the English Judge. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I don't wish to disparage any one present, but I must say that this is the best specimen I have yet seen from the United States of America. I beg leave to propose the health of our friend, Mr. Robert Purvis." Mr. Hayne seconded the proposition, and the toast was drank with good will all around.

Mr. Purvis had held himself ready, during the whole voyage, to make known, when occasion should call for it, his social and political status at home; but nothing occurred, in his opinion, to make this necessary or expedient. There was one time, indeed, when, if he had yielded to his impulse, he would, perhaps, have declared himself; but his better judgment restrained him. He and Mr. Hayne had been discussing the slavery question; the latter grew very warm. He defended the system, of course, and justified the prejudice by which it was sustained. With emphatic positiveness he said, "I can detect the animal in the face of the negro, however far he may be removed from his original condition." His opponent smiled, but forbore. He might have confounded him by proof at hand of the falsity of his assertion; but what good would it have done?

And yet the proof in this case might not have been considered altogether conclusive. Though Mr. Purvis's ancestors were, on his mother's side, Africans, they were, nevertheless, Moors. His grandmother was stolen from Morocco. She is still remembered by many in Philadelphia, and her history is well known. She was decoyed from her home when a little girl, kidnapped and sold to the slave-traders who shipped her to Charleston, South Carolina. There her youth and beauty attracted attention, and a benevolent lady, Miss Deas by name, moved by her appearance, became her purchaser. Her face—as is distinctly remembered—was of classic contour, her features regular and her form lithe and graceful. She lived with Miss Deas, nominally a bond servant but really free, till that lady's death; which event left her, at the age of nineteen, in possession of her freedom, and entitled to a respectable annuity. Her beauty and other advantages attracted towards her many admirers, the favored one among whom, and the one to whom she surrendered her affections, was a Jewish gentleman named Daniel Judah, who sustained toward her the practical relation of a kind and faithful husband while he lived, and, when he died, left her in possession of all his property. Two children were the fruits of this union—Daniel and Harriet. The former died; the latter grew up in the likeness and character of her handsome and high-spirited mother. At an early age, Harriet was wedded to a Mr. William Purvis, a prominent and wealthy merchant of the city of Charleston. The union lacked the sanction of Carolina's laws, but it had, as the parties believed, and events have not disproved, the approbation of Heaven. Mr. Purvis was a cotton factor, and very successful in his business. Having accumulated sufficient for his wants, he came to Philadelphia, bringing with him his children, their mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, and their grandmother, towards whom he cherished a dutiful regard. On his arrival here he found a prejudice towards people of African descent in some respects more virulent than that prevailing at Charleston. The education of his children, which he had much at heart, had to be conducted by means of private tutors. The few schools then existing in this city for colored children were of the most inferior order. Mr. Purvis was the means of establishing the first select colored school in the city of Philadelphia. It was his intention to take his family to Scotland, of which country he was a native, there to secure for his sons all the needed advantages of education; but sickness and death interposed to prevent. He died in this city in the year 1826, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, leaving to his children and their mother a large estate, and a name untarnished by the breath of dishonor. Of the latter inheritance, Robert, now the only son living, is more proud than of any other. His father never owned a slave. He lived many years in a slaveholding community, and had extensive intercourse with people of that class, but he never would consent to stand in the relation of owner to any human being. Slavery, and prejudice against color, stood alike rebuked by the unswerving stedfastness of his example.

But this is a digression; I must return and finish my story.

The ship was now in the harbor, and it was time to "let the cat out of the bag." Mr. Purvis called to him the steward, and telling him, not who, but what, he was, requested him to repeat the information to the ship's company. The man started off on his errand, and Mr. Purvis took a position at a distance, where he could witness the effect. Soon he saw a group in earnest conversation, with their faces frequently turned in his direction. Some looked grave, and others laughed. It was just after the dinner already described, and the effects of the good cheer had not yet had time to pass away. Directly, one of the company—Dr. Leo Wolf, a Philadelphian, who was afterwards lost on the ill-fated President—stepped out from the group, and, approaching Mr. Purvis, evidently amused, asked if the report, which he said was circulating through the vessel, that he was a colored man, was true. "Assuredly it is," was the reply; "and it was by my request that the steward made the fact known." Throwing up both his hands and exploding with laughter, "Good God!" said the Jew, "was ever such a fine joke?" He went back to the circle which he had left, and soon all were in commotion. Most of the party, but not all, enjoyed it as a joke. Hayne looked grave, but Hoffman was convulsed with merriment. He laughed till he actually laid down, down on the floor. Whether it was Hayne's discomfiture or some other feature of the incident, or the general ludicrousness of the whole affair, that amused him so excessively, does not appear, but the fact is certain—the man actually laughed himself off his feet.

Here my story ends. It has protracted my letter to an unusual length, but I hardly think you will grudge the space. My fears are from another quarter. I have been trenching on dangerous ground. It is a difficult thing to speak of people by name, and of their personal concerns, without taking too much liberty. If I have erred in this respect, I must claim the credit I have awarded to the writers for *The Press*, of good intentions. My justification to my friend Robert Purvis and his esteemed family is, that he by name and they in effect, having been already brought before the public, and that in a manner very imperfect and partial, it seemed proper that some further and more complete statements should be made, with equal publicity, in order to counteract erroneous impressions. As for Mr. Purvis himself, standing as he does in a representative position, he may be fairly regarded as a public man. He has been identified with the abolition movement from the beginning. Cooperating with his honored father-in-law, the late James Forten, in the support of Benjamin Lundy, that earliest pioneer of the cause, he was among the first, when a younger and bolder leader took the field, to place himself at his side and become one of his pledged coadjutors. A member of the Convention that framed the American Anti-Slavery Society, subsequently President, and at this time one of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, and always among the foremost champions of the cause, Mr. Purvis may be fairly regarded as a public man, liable, as such, to the usual contingencies of public life. All that can be required of one that proposes to introduce his name into a newspaper is, that he shall not do it without due occasion, and that he shall pay the strictest regard to the obligations of truth. Having complied, as I believe, with both of these conditions, I hope to be excused by the parties most concerned, and submit the case to your readers.

M.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.....XLI.

September 24, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: The practice of writing to you once a fortnight brings home to one the rapidity of the march of events at this wonderful period of the world's history. Events seem to have hastened their march as remarkably as the mails and telegraphic messages. I am old enough to remember the Hundred Days, when we watched in deep anxiety the experiment of renewing the empire in France. Of course, the daily eagerness for tidings was greater then than it can be now, because English liberties were in question; but the rapidity of the development of events could not compare with that which we are at present witnessing in Italy, and in all countries implicated with the fortunes of Italy. The time of anxiety which we knew must arrive has come very early. It seems to depend on Garibaldi's soundness or error of judgment whether Italy shall retain, establish, and improve her new-found liberties, or whether the enemies of those liberties shall have the opportunity of frustrating the work already done. A shout of warning to the Liberator is rising on every hand. Since his declaration that his next aim is the possession of Rome, the most serious alarm has been felt lest the brave and simple-hearted man should drive his vessel upon the rocks, after having weathered so many storms. The outcry against going to war with France in the streets of Rome, and compelling Austria to come into the field again in defence of Venetia, is so great that Garibaldi is at least aware what his friends think. For my part, I doubt whether any one has detected his point of view. The alternative may not be, in his eyes, the same as in other people's; and his prudence has hitherto been as remarkable as any other of his characteristic qualities. Therefore I should be disposed to trust that he will bring his country out of the difficulty in some grand and simple way (perhaps unthought of by ordinary politicians), if it were not for his one weakness—his impressionable temperament, which is too apt to subordinate him to the influence of the people about him; and there have been too many Mazzinians about him of late. Small as their number is in Italy, it is unquestionably their duty to acquiesce in the constitutional monarchy actually in existence, and preferred by ninety-nine hundredths of the people. But Mazzini, who has injured his country and the cause of liberty there more than anybody but its despots, never could lay his self-will to rest, and never will. Of his personal movements we know nothing, beyond newspaper intimations of his being here or there; but the imminent danger of civil war in Italy, and of a collision with two great military powers, through the influence of his agents on the mind of Garibaldi, makes all the liberals of Europe wish that the Mazzini party could see the duty of yielding up their schemes to the decision of their emancipated nation. As far as we can see, the best event that could happen next would be the withdrawal of the Pope from Rome. We do not believe that the French Emperor will give up his grasp of the Pope and his fortunes; but the French troops could not remain in Rome after the Pope was gone; and the immediate danger of collision would be over. Nobody has the remotest idea that Garibaldi ever thinks of himself in forming his schemes; but he detests the French alliance, under which Savoy and Nice have been given away to France; and he probably dreads some further alienation of Italian soil, if the rest of Italy becomes a part of the same kingdom, and is ruled by the same men that the French Emperor has made profit of while professing to go to war "for an idea." There never was such an opportunity for constituting a great free empire as is afforded by the general longing of the Italians for the rule of the chivalrous King of Sardinia; and the few who may have the power of disturbing this almost unanimous aspiration will have much to answer for if they raise an opposition on behalf of their own preferences. I would rather hope everything from Garibaldi's prudence, and his hearty loyalty to the king, than apprehend a break-up in the noble strength with which Italy has, thus far, pressed forward towards emancipation. The King of Naples is not worth another word. The sooner he is forgotten the better. The best that we can wish the helpless, diseased, peevish old Pope, is that he may have grace to be satisfied with his spiritual dominion, for it seems to be all up with the temporal. It is our lot to witness the collapse of the once inflated power of the Papacy. That collapse marks the century in which it occurs; and we may be well content to see the Romish Church still headed by its spiritual prince, as long as he can do no harm by the badness of his rule as a temporal sovereign.

As for the rest, the worst news is again from Russia—the worst news we have had yet. I believe I mentioned the stretch of power by which one-tenth of next year's taxes were recently taken from the peasants, at the very time when the Emperor was bound by his pledges to have been preparing funds on behalf of the peasants, to make arrangements with the owners for a provision for the serfs when freed. He has now gone further, even to a complete desertion of his enterprise. First came the portentous tidings of the new alliance between the Czar and the Austrian Emperor. The Czar rushed into it, with the averment that the rupture should never have existed. There is no mystery about this alliance. It is to relieve Austria from the charge of Hungary and other restless provinces, when obliged to defend Venetia. It was Russia that overwhelmed the Hungarians and their independence in 1849; it was the want of Russia that made the Austrian Emperor consent to the peace of Villafranca last year; and the want of Russia would now render him powerless in Italy, because he could not leave Hungary to her own devices. Now, he has the Russian armies at command, to take charge of Hungary, while he is opposing freedom in Italy. The Czar turns from liberating the serfs of his own country to coerce the subjects of his ally. The proof of his complete change is in his recent journey to Moscow—a graver portent than even the Austrian alliance. His speech of rebuke to the Moscow nobles, nearly two years ago, was the strongest of all his pledges to emancipate the serfs. On this recent journey to Moscow—the pretext of which was to take his heir to worship at the Holy Places—he made a complete reconciliation with the Moscow nobles. Their "enthusiasm" at being let alone to do what they will with their own, is prodigious; but there the satisfaction ends. We are now assured that there *is* a public opinion in Russia, though there is no free press, and no middle class; and that this public opinion runs strongly against the Czar for this desertion of his great purpose. Other Russian sovereigns have intended serf-emancipation, and have abandoned it; but none before was ever so deeply pledged, to the world in general and the serfs in particular; and, however great might have been the perils of going on, those of going back seem likely to be greater.

There is no serious apprehension from this alliance as to the general interests of Europe; for both Emperors are in the extremity of distress, from financial trouble and political embarrassment at once. Neither can get on with the opposing political forces of his empire; and both have tried a loan, and met with utter failure. The conscription, too, can no longer raise soldiers in Russia; and in the most military provinces of Austria not a man can be got to serve who can by any means escape. Enough of these despots. Their fate will proclaim itself soon enough: but what will the serfs do, after having had their hopes so raised? If they can but be informed that they have not lost all because the Czar has gone over to their enemies, they may possibly wait. If their hope was in the Czar alone, it is to be feared they will be desperate.

I wonder who this fellow-citizen of yours, Mr. Parish, is, who asserts that the French Emperor has concealed conquests and gold fields in the heart of Africa. If it is so, it is of the utmost consequence that the world should know it, not only because we ought to be aware of such resources in the hands of a despot, but, yet more, because the civilization and freedom of Africa must be largely affected by French occupation of the soil and employment of industry in gold digging. We must know whether the sovereign who drove a disguised slave trade, under a mask of lies, is employing the natives as slaves or freemen, if employing them at all. The Paris newspapers, of course, declare Mr. Parish's statement of the debt due to him to be a total falsehood; but no notice is taken of the allegation of new French conquests in the heart of Africa. No doubt your countrymen will soon tell us what to think of this.

The Syrian news will have reached you—the unexpected vigor of the Turkish authorities, and the progress of the inquiry into the causes of the rising. I have never believed in the essential feebleness of Turkey. It is wretchedly misgoverned; but it would have fallen to pieces long ago if it had not had some strength which is not understood by her enemies. I conceive her continued existence is chiefly owing to the popular habit of municipal self-rule, and partly to the liberality with which the diverse provinces have been left free to retain their own institutions and manners. With good government at head quarters, I do not see why Turkey, with her vast natural resources, should not do well, after all.

In opening your newspapers it is strange to see, side by side, boasts of the figure Texas will cut in the new Census, and accounts of the state of society existing there. Republicans who know such things to be going on at home are not entitled to censure even Neapolitan or Papal government. There is nothing in Europe, in its darkest and dreariest corner, so diabolical as the conduct of the citizens of Texas, as related in their own newspapers. One hardly knows which are the worst, the executioners, or the journalists who joke about their deeds. On the other hand, we would fain hope great things from the Vigilance Committees reported of in your newspapers, as formed for enforcing the laws in the suppression of the slave trade along your coasts. In this, and in the nomination of Mr. Andrew, we heartily rejoice. If we hear nothing about the trial of General Harney soon, I shall have to inquire whether your chances of peace with foreign powers are to be impaired by his escape from the retribution he adventured.

You will have seen that our capitalists are in earnest now about providing cotton in India and elsewhere, so as to be independent of the precarious circumstances of your Southern States. I have no doubt the thing will be done, and soon, as I am sure it ought to be. The process has been hastened by the dishonest practices of the American packers, and the great increase of sand, stones and other heavy articles in the cotton bales. In some, lucifer matches are found. What does that mean? A deputation went over, some time since, to see about these frauds. While slavery exists, however, we had better go elsewhere for our cotton, as we shall soon be able to do.

H. M.

NOT SET DOWN IN THE BILL.

THE Portland papers inform us of a somewhat unusual occurrence which lately took place in the theatre of that city. On the 26th ult., during the performance of "The Octoroon," in the scene where Zoe was about to take poison, Nathan Winslow, Esq., a well-known citizen, astonished both audience and actors by rushing upon the stage and seizing Zoe (Miss Kimberly), shouting out in a highly excited manner, "Hold, Zoe—don't take it! I command the Underground Railroad. Fly! fly with me, and you are safe. Come to Canada, to the possessions of Queen Victoria, and you will be free; *free!* FREE!"

The occurrence naturally created a good deal of excitement in Portland, various opinions as to the motives of Mr. Winslow being expressed by different classes of people. Mr. Winslow, to set himself right, thereupon addressed to *The Advertiser* the following letter:

MR. EDITOR: Having been somewhat annoyed by the reports in circulation, and by questions in regard to my appearance on the stage during the performance on Wednesday last, I respectfully ask for a place in your columns to briefly state the facts. It has been asserted in two of the daily papers that on the occasion of my "debut," as it was facetiously termed, I was very much excited, and I wish my friends to understand that such was not the fact, that all that I did was premeditated.

On Saturday previous, with my family, I went to the theatre and witnessed the play called the "Octoroon." I was much pleased with the performance and with the play in all its parts save its closing scene—the death of the slave girl. It then occurred to me that that scene would be just as effective, and infinitely more pleasant and satisfactory to any audience, were it so altered that instead of dying, the Octoroon should escape by the "Underground Railway," and suggested the same to Mr. Roberts, the proprietor of the play. I understood him to regard the suggestion favorably, and told him I should attend and carry it out. He replied, "Come on," or something to that effect, and I supposed he would communicate the plan to the lady who performs the part of the Octoroon. It seems, however, that he did not do so.

I went to the theatre as I had promised, and at the moment when the Octoroon was about to swallow the poison draught, I leaped over the footlights on the stage exclaiming, "Hold! Zoe, hold! I command the Underground Railway! Fly, fly with me, and I will place you in safety in Queen Victoria's dominions, and God have mercy on whoever interferes!"

But the plan had not been communicated to her; she did not recognize her deliverer in me, and I retired behind the scene. Had it been understood and carried out, it was my design, after placing Zoe on the cars of the "Underground," to return to the stage, announce her safety, and defy the purchaser and all the slave-hounds he could command.

Of course, I need not say that I am not emulous of histrionic fame, but I am deeply interested in the Underground Road, and wish to keep the institution before the people.

NATHAN WINSLOW.

PERSONAL.

The "Wide Awakes" and the Glee Club of Seneca Falls lately honored Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton by a torchlight visit and serenade. In acknowledging the kindness of her visitors, Mrs. Stanton took occasion to exhort them to struggle to secure the Territories to Fredom, not alone for the sake of the white man, but for the benefit of the four million slaves, in case of an insurrection or another John Brown invasion.

The Liberator says that a life-size portrait of Charles Sumner has just been finished by Thomas M. Johnston, who received an order for the picture from Thaddeus Hyatt. All who have seen it pronounce it the very best, and only good likeness ever made of Mr. Sumner. It gives not only a faithful representation of the features of the original, but the very semblance of his moral and intellectual character.

We learn from *The Liberator* that Mr. Thomas M. Johnston has received a commission from C. H. Brainard to execute a life-size head of WENDELL PHILLIPS. "The work," says *The Liberator*, "will be commenced immediately, and we predict that the result will be the most satisfactory likeness yet made of our faithful and eloquent coadjutor. Mr. Johnston is the young artist who drew the beautiful picture, entitled 'The Light of Our Home,' which has been noticed in our columns, and which is one of the finest portraits of a child we have ever seen.

A Naples correspondent of the London *News* says:

"Madame Mario, whose husband is attached to the staff, and herself to the hospitals of Garibaldi, is here. I utterly reject her principles, as fraught with danger to the peace and liberties of Italy, but I admit her merits in the management of hospitals, and in the sacrifice of time and repose which she has made for a great benevolent object. At Palermo, where Miss Middleton also gave her valuable services, the wounded presented Madame Mario with a small gold medal, bearing on one side the inscription, 'Alla Signora Mario, dai feriti di Garibaldi, Luglio 1, 1860;' on the other side the emblem of Trinacria. In Melazzo, our countrywoman remained five days only, as there were but forty wounded persons, and then passed on to Barcelona, where there were three hundred, and there she devoted herself to their cure. It may be mentioned as a proof of the good management, that no case of hospital fever made its appearance, and that none of the wounded died in Palermo."

Lord Brougham, in the course of his address, recently delivered before the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, at Glasgow, alluded to the recent meeting of the Statistical Congress, and to Dr. Delaney, in the following terms:

"There were naturally present eminent men from various parts of the continent, and in announcing the assembly of the present meeting I took the liberty of inviting those distinguished foreigners, with whose presence I trust we are now honored. Among others was a negro gentleman of great respectability and talents, Dr. Delaney, who had attended different departments, and in his able address had communicated useful information and suggestions. When inviting him to this Congress I informed him that he would have the satisfaction of visiting the country which first declared a slave free the instant he touches British ground. Dr. Delaney's forefathers were African slaves; he is himself a native of Canada. It is truly painful to reflect that although his family have been free for generations, his origin being traced to one whom the crimes of white men and Christians had enslaved, he would be, in the land of transatlantic liberty, incapable of enjoying any civil rights whatever, and would be treated in all respects as an alien, the iniquity of the fathers being inexorably visited, not upon their children, but upon the children of their victims to all generations—children whose only offence is the sufferings of their parents, whose wrongs they inherit with their hue."

STATE ELECTIONS.—The election in Pennsylvania on Tuesday, according to the latest returns, resulted in a Republican majority on the State ticket of 25,000, in the choice of a Legislature Republican in both branches, and in the choice of at least 20 of the 25 members of Congress to which the State is entitled. The returns from Ohio and Indiana, as far as received, indicate a Republican triumph in those States.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH National Anti-Slavery Subscription-Anniversary.

JANUARY, 1861.

WHEN the claim for Universal Liberty was first made in our country, the best part of a lifetime ago, the work lay wholly in futurity. The idea and the principles of Human Rights were to be replanted, the justice and necessity of their cause as against slavery to be proved, the prevailing apathy to be broken, the public mind to be awakened and enkindled, the insufficiency of a Church and State controlled by slavery to compass freedom to be demonstrated, the retrogression of the land towards barbarism under their sway to be made manifest, and freedom of speech, of the press, and of a new specific association to be claimed and exercised as the only sufficient instrumentalities of progress.

This is the initiatory work that has been done, and by it abundant opportunities of direct action have been rendered practicable. The WORK ITSELF, in a thousand shapes, now lies before us, whose privilege it has been to make ready for it. The despotism is driven into open day. To meet it, requires devotion, industry, and the sacred fire of a true enthusiasm. It requires energy, cooperation and the discipline of self-control. It requires generous contributions of money. We trust that all these indispensable requisites are now, as ever, ready.

We earnestly and cordially entreat all who love our native land in sincerity, whether Europeans or Americans, to unite with us more numerously and more generously than ever to meet the demands of a period of crises unparalleled in the history of our country—new, indeed, in the history of the world. For when before has it ever happened that Freedom has been sought from among a dominant people for a down-trodden one, on so grand a scale as this? We ask aid of Europeans, while we bid them observe that their freedom makes progress only in exact proportion as our slavery is brought into discredit. We ask aid of Americans; for where is the American to whom this cause of ours is not the supreme interest of the present hour as affording the only hope of Futurity? The work before us is ever that primary one contemplated by no other existing body, political or religious: the work that Church and Government are always tempted by the necessities of their position as such to neglect, adjourn, suppress. And the stronger the desire of their members to promote the cause, the stronger the temptation, being so placed, to temporise and to compromise.

To all these we confidently appeal for aid in the work they can neither do, nor do without.

We cordially invite all who love Liberty the world over, to meet us at the Music Hall, Boston, in the month of January next, in person or by letter, uniting their sympathies and contributions with ours in the great work of the time—the peaceful extinction of American slavery.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	SARAH P. REMOND,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY FRANCIS,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
MARY WILLEY,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	ELIZA APTHORP,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SARAH P. ATKINSON,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ELIZA ANDREW,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER,

MARY E. STEARNS.

PENNSYLVANIA FAIR AND NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

The Managers of the Pennsylvania Fair and National Bazaar to their Coadjutors in Great Britain and Ireland:

DEAR FRIENDS: We write but to "stir up your minds by way of remembrance," not to address to you argument or entreaty relative to the importance and arduousness of our work, or our need of your cooperation. On these points you are well informed, and need no word of ours. Standing, as you do, outside the charmed circle with which the Slave Power has surrounded the commercial and political classes of our country, you can, more easily than they, exercise a clear vision and a righteous judgment respecting the character of our national sin and curse, and the remedies which are proposed for it. Your generous contributions to our Anti-Slavery Bazaars have proved the heartiness of your cooperation in our enterprise.

Our next Fair will be held in December, 1860, in the city of Philadelphia. It is desirable that the boxes containing contributions of our European friends should be forwarded as early as the middle of October. We especially request those who have these boxes in charge to direct them to Mr. Rowland Johnson, New York. By compliance with this request they will save both labor and expense to the friends of the cause here. In answer to inquiries relative to the kinds of goods best suited to our market, it may be suggested that ready-made clothing is less salable than other articles usually contributed to our Fairs. The demand for articles of use and those of ornament is nearly equal.

For all gifts which come to us fraught with a blessing on the American slave, we are grateful—for his sake, as his representatives; for our own, because they are cordial messages to us of God-speed in our labors.

On behalf of the Managers, SARAH PUGH, SARAH A. MCKIM, MARY GREW.

Philadelphia, June, 1860.

ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE AND BOOK DEPOSITORY.

AN office, for the sale of Anti-Slavery, Temperance, Woman's Rights, Anti-Capital Punishment, Peace, Spiritual and other publications, has been established at No. 15 Steuben street, Albany, N. Y., near the Delavan House. A general assortment of stationery will be kept on hand for sale on the most favorable terms. Subscriptions for *The Liberator*, NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, *Anti-Slavery Bugle* (Ohio), *London Anti-Slavery Advocate* and *Herald of Progress*, will be received.

Contributions are solicited to aid in printing and circulating Petitions, sustaining Lectures, publishing Tracts for gratuitous distribution, etc., etc.

Donations, Orders for Books and Tracts, and communications relative to anti-slavery and other reform meetings in different parts of the State should be addressed to the general agent,

LYDIA MOTT, Albany, N. Y.

Committee.

S. J. May,	M. C. Wright,	A. M. Powell,
P. H. Jones,	G. E. Baker,	L. Mott.
S. B. Anthony,	E. C. Stanton,	

ELECTIONEERING WIT.—A Republican thus hits off the Douglas dubiosity of "Squatter Sovereignty."

"If slavery ain't a mind to go where she wants to, she may stay where she is, if she don't wish to; subject to the decision of the Supreme Court, provided the people's agreed on that pint."

The Douglas man retorts by giving the following as the catechism to which all are subjected who desire initiation into a Wide-Awake Club of the Black Republicans.

Q.—Do you believe in a Supreme Political Being?

A.—I do.

Q.—By what name is he called?

A.—The Almighty Nigger.

Q.—What are the chief ends of the Wide-Awake Clubs?

A.—To disturb Democratic meetings, and train up conductors for the Underground Railroad.

Q.—What are your opinions on the great questions of the day?

A.—That Abraham Lincoln was born; that he built a flat-boat, and split 3,000,000 of rails.

Q.—Do you drink lager?

A.—I fondly lean to that commodity.

Q.—If you are admitted to this society, do you promise to love the nigger, to cherish him, to cleave unto him as a brother, through evil report and good report, and to hate the Democrats as you do the devil?

A.—All this I solemnly promise to do—so help me Abraham.

Questioner.—That's enough; you are sound; pass in.

SHERMAN M. BOOTH has been again arrested. He was a prisoner in Milwaukee when last heard from.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE STANDARD.—RICHARD D. WEBB, 176 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, requires the following numbers of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD to complete a file which he keeps for the convenience of reference by any who may apply to him for the purpose. His imperfect collection having been occasionally of use in this way, he is desirous to complete it, and any of the following numbers will be thankfully received if forwarded to the care of Rev. S. May, Jr., 221 Washington street, or to the Anti-Slavery Office, 5 Beekman street, New York.

Vol. 1—Nos. 2, 10, 13, 35 to 39, 41.
2—Nos. 11, 16, 22, 23.
3—Nos. 11, 19, 33, 45, 47.
4—Nos. 13, 27, 36, 45.
5—Nos. 16, 21, 40.
6—Nos. 6, 7, 12, 29, 41, 42, 43, 46.
7—Nos. 5, 6, 8, 14, 20, 50.
8—Nos. 12, 34, 35, 49, 51.
9—Nos. 27, 35, 36.
10—Nos. 1 to 6, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 20 to end.
11—Nos. 18, 38, 39.
12—Nos. 4, 40 to end.
13—Nos. 1, 3, 8, 11, 14, 16, 18, 20, 26, 41 to end.
14—Nos. 28 to end.
16—No. 29.
17—Nos. 5, 27, 42, 47.

THE AMERICAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, at its recent meeting in Boston, was true to its life-long policy of suppression, connivance and compromise in regard to slavery. Particulars next week. We merely say now that its course in regard to the slave trade was not a whit less base than that of the recent Episcopal Convention of New York. Will Rev. H. W. Beecher be as prompt to rebuke the Board as he was to denounce the Convention? Wait and see.

OUR Philadelphia Correspondent this week unfolds a tale of such interest that his letter, though twice as long as usual, will seem to the reader all too short.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Receipts for The Standard from Sept. 1 to Oct. 1, 1860.

1052	Mrs. Abby C. Walker, Great Falls, N. H.		$1 00
1055	Samuel Strong, Waitsfield, Vt.		2 00
1059	Mrs. F. King, Boston, Mass.		2 00
1092	Samuel Hall, " "		2 00
1050	J. Freeman Clark, Boston, Mass.		6 00
1050	Mrs. Thos. Drowne, " "		7 00
1070	David A. Sahlein, " "		3 00
1144	Nathaniel Barney, Nantucket, Mass.		4 00
1

Miscellaneous Department.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

In days of old a castle stood high and proud to view,
Over the landscape shining, far as the ocean blue,
Wreath'd all around with gardens, where 'mid the fragrant flowers,
The air was cooled by fountains, sparkling in rainbow showers.

There sat a haughty monarch, in lands and conquests great,
Upon his throne, wan-visaged, he sat in sullen state;
His thoughts are all of horrors, his eyes are bright with rage;
His words they fall like scourges; he writes, blood stains the page.

Once came there to his castle a noble minstrel pair,
The locks of one were golden—silver the other's hair;
With harp the old man journey'd, a stately horse astride,
His blooming comrade gaily walked by the horse's side.

The old bespoke the younger: "Prepare, my son, make choice
Of all our songs the deepest—attune thy fullest voice—
Exert thy utmost power—of joy and sorrow sing:
Our aim must be to waken the hard heart of the king."

Within the Hall of Columns now the two minstrels stand,
Upon his throne the monarch, his queen at his right hand;
The king all dread and stately—a blood-red Northern Light,
The queen all sweet and gentle—a full moon shining bright.

The greybeard struck the harp-strings, he struck them wondrous well,
Upon the ear they sounded with rich and richer swell;
Then came the youth's voice gushing—so heav'nly clear it rang,
And, like a spirit chorus, between the old man sang.

They sang of love and spring-time, of happy golden days,
Of truth and manly honor—they sang in freedom's praise—
They sang of all things lofty, they sang of all things sweet,
That make men's bosoms quiver, that make men's hearts to beat.

Around, their sports forgetting, gather'd the courtier crowd:
The haughty warriors, humbled, before their Maker bow'd;
The queen herself was melted by tales of joys and woes,
And threw down to the singers, pluck'd from her breast, a rose.

"My folk you have enchanted: charm you my wife to boot?"
The monarch cried, with fury he shook from head to foot,
Then hurl'd his sword, that, flashing, the young man's bosom tore,
Whence, 'stead of golden music, issued a stream of gore.

The list'ners all were scatter'd (as when a storm alarms),
The youth breathed out his spirit, clasp'd in his master's arms;
The corpse within his mantle he wrapp'd, and bound it fast
Upright upon his palfrey, and from the castle pass'd.

Before the lofty portals the grey-hair'd minstrel stands,
His harp, of harps the treasure, he seizes in his hands,
And 'gainst a marble column he casts it with a cry
Through castle and through gardens that echoes awfully:

"Woe to you, halls so haughty! Never let music-strain
Re-echo through thy vaultings, nor harp nor song again!
Let sighs and groanings only for ever bear the sway,
Until th' avenging angel has crush'd you in decay!

"Woe to you, fragrant gardens, in golden light of May,
This dead man's face disfigured I show to you this day:
That you at it may wither, that every well may dry,
That you from hence for ever a stony waste may lie!

"Woe to you, curs'd assassin! of minstrelsy the bane!
Be all thy blood-stain'd struggles for glory's wreath in vain!
Thy name be it forgotten in night without an end,
And like a last death-rattle with empty vapor blend!"

The minstrel old had spoken, and heaven had heard his cry:
The halls are all in ruins, the walls all prostrate lie;
Witness of pride long vanish'd still stands one column tall,
And this, already shatter'd, to-night to earth may fall.

Instead of fragrant gardens, a desert heather-land!
No tree gives shade, no fountain comes welling through the sand:
No songs, no hero-stories, the monarch's name rehearse,
For ever lost, forgotten!—Such is the Minstrel's Curse!

—*Once a Week.*

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.

SCIENTIFIC STUDENTS.

CAROLINE L. HERSCHEL, SOPHIE GERMAIN, AND MRS. SOMERVILLE.

I AM not aware whether others have made the observation, but it appears to me that the repugnance of our sex to "learned ladies" does not affect female mathematicians. Our jests are levelled at the literary women; and yet more, at the "philosophers," or those who study psychology, in a German, French, or English form. I should say "jests *were* levelled," but that there are still publications and men antiquated enough to attempt to keep up the old insolence and the old joke, after society in general has arrived at better taste; for the reason, possibly, that there are still women (a few in England, and not a few in America), who are antiquated enough to make themselves foolish and disagreeable, instead of wise and companionable, through their pursuit of knowledge. I need not enlarge on this; for there is no pleasure, and, at this time of day, no profit, in contemplating pedantry on the one hand, or scoffing on the other. I have referred to the old and worn-out topic only because it appears to me that if female mathematicians and physical discoverers have escaped the insults, and almost the criticism, bestowed on literary women half a century ago, it must be because their pursuits carry their own test with them. The attainments of such women are not a matter of opinion, but of fact. Man or woman may be mistaken about his or her comprehension of Kant's apparatus of Conditions, or accuracy in the reading of dead languages; but there can be no deception of self or others as to the reality of knowledge in the science of space and numbers, or the detection of new agencies in nature which can be brought to the test. Even where this is questioned, on account of the many false starts in discovery that have been made, up to this time, the doubt is, not about the reality of the knowledge, but the correctness of the inferences of the discoverer. On the whole, we may, I think, fairly say, that in the scientific departments of human knowledge women rank equally with men in respect of society. Whether they have equal access to that field of knowledge is another affair.

Let us look at two or three, recently dead or still living, and see what aspect they present.

The senior of the three (German, French, and English), whom our own generation may have seen, was both a mathematician and a physical discoverer. Caroline Lucretia Herschel, the sister of Sir William Herschel, was the German. She was born at Hanover, March 16, 1750, and lived there till she was one-and-twenty. She was sixteen, and her brother eight-and-twenty, when he, in England, began to attend to astronomy; the whole family being supposed to be engrossed by music, as they were certainly devoted to it professionally. It is not, therefore, likely that Caroline was prepared by education for scientific pursuit in any other direction; and her taking it up at last, in order to assist her brother, seems to show that she had no original overmastering genius for science, such as must have taken her out of the ordinary conditions of female life, but that the labors of her life from that time forward were a merely natural exercise of perfectly natural powers. She came over to England as soon as she was old enough (one-and-twenty) to keep her brother's house at Bath, where he was organist to a chapel. She was his helper and sympathizer in the astronomical pursuits which were his delight, as his best recreation from his professional business. She worked out his calculations when he had provided the elements; she watched, with an anxiety like his own, the production of the telescope he made because he could not afford to buy one; and when he discovered a planet, ten years after she had joined him, she enjoyed the triumph and its results very keenly. The King gave brother William £300 a year, and called him Astronomer to the Court; and the (then) bachelor brother and his staid sister removed to Slough, to do as they liked for the rest of their lives.

Thus far it may be said that Caroline Herschel appears as the devoted sister, doing her best to help her brother, whose pursuits happened to be scientific; but that there is nothing remarkable, happily, in that spectacle. This is very true; but now occurs the spectacle which does appear remarkable to all who have heard of it.

Throughout the longest nights of the year—the astronomer's summer, or season of fruits—a light was seen burning in the observatory at Slough as often as the sky was clear, and disappearing only when the dawn was putting out the stars. Under that light sat Caroline Herschel, noting in silence the observations of her brother, who was at his telescope in the next chamber. If he was silent, she had occupation in working up his calculations; and then nothing was heard but the ticking of the clock and the moving of his telescope. To be his secretary required no little learning; but to achieve the vast calculations by which his observations were rendered available, required algebraical accomplishments of an order very unusual among women. As "astronomer's assistant," she was salaried by the king; and, in the discharge of her office, she read her brother's clocks, and did all the routine part of his work. This might have been thought enough for a good German housekeeper, who sat up till daylight for the greater part of the winter; but she had scientific interests of her own. Her brother had constructed a smaller telescope for her; and when he was away from home, she spent many a night alone in the observatory, looking out for unrecorded stars and for unsuspected comets. She had new nebulæ and clusters of stars to furnish to her brother's catalogues when he returned; and she discovered seven comets in eleven years, five of which had certainly never been noted before. Her first work, which supplied omissions in the British catalogue to the extent of 561 stars, observed by Flamsteed, was published by the Royal Society. Eight years after her brother's death, and her own return to Hanover, and when she was eighty years old, she was presented with the gold medal of the Astronomical Society of England, and elected an honorary member of that body in consequence of her completion of a catalogue of the clusters of stars and nebulæ observed by her brother, and, though she did not say so, by herself. She lived on till ninety-seven, a perfect exemplification of the best effects of intellectual pursuit of a high order on the whole nature. Her frame was healthy; her mind was serene; her intellect was clear till just the last; her affections were, through life, genial and faithful; her manners modest and simple, and her old age tranquil and dignified. There is no trace, in her whole career of any sort of contemptuous usage on account of her scientific tendencies; and the respect with which she was treated at Windsor first, and afterward by the King and Court at Hanover, till her death in 1848, seems to have been the natural expression of what was felt by everybody who witnessed or heard of the facts and manner of her life.

Next comes the French lady, who was born later and died earlier than Caroline Herschel.

Sophie Germain began her career in a very different way. Hers was a case of such a preponderance of the mathematical faculties that they regulated her whole mind and life. She loved poetry, as many mathematicians have done; and she insisted that the division set up between reason and imagination was arbitrary and false. We now and then hear from superficial persons an expression of wonder that the finest taste is found in those who are conspicuous for judgment; but Mademoiselle Germain would have wondered more if the case had been otherwise; for she saw how the decisions of reason must harmonize with the principles of taste. Goodness was, in her eyes, order; and wisdom was the discernment of fundamental order. As fixed relations exist among all truths and all objects, and the discovery of any one may lead to the discernment of any number, no heights of speculation astonished, and no flights of fancy disconcerted her. She was mathematical, if ever human being was so; but this did not mean that she was prosaic, rigid and narrow. She was qualified for large and philosophical criticism in literature, no less than for inquisition into the theory of numbers; and she applied herself, amid tortures of death by cancer, to exhibit the state of, not only the sciences, but of literature, at different periods of their culture. This was the subject of her posthumous work.

Her faculty for abstract conception and the pursuit of abstract knowledge did not wait for occasion to show itself. Yet, at the outset, as at the close, it manifested itself in close alliance with the imagination and the moral powers. As a child she read of the serene life of Archimedes amid the three years' siege of Syracuse, and the story impressed her so deeply that she longed to make for herself a refuge in mathematical studies from the excitements and terrors of the great revolution then raging, and likely to rage for long. It was in "Montucla's History of Mathematics" that she had found the account of the life and heroic death of Archimedes which so moved her; and she studied the book, being then thirteen, with a patience and courage altogether consistent with her view of moral order—unable to understand whole portions of it, but first ascertaining how much she could understand, and resolving to master the rest, sooner or later. The more terrible the prophecies she heard in her father's drawing room (he being a member of the Constituent Assembly, and therefore living in political society) the more strenuously did little Sophie apply her faculties to this History of Mathematics and the studies it indicated, to the amazement of her family, who could not conceive why she was suddenly engrossed in the study of Euler. They were not only amazed but displeased; and among other modes of opposition they took away all her clothes at night, when the weather was so cold as to freeze the ink in the glass. Sophie quietly rose, when they were all asleep, wrapped herself in the bedclothes, and pursued her studies. The elementary books she could lay hold of were not such as we have to learn from now. They were full of faults and omissions, according to our present view; and they gave her more trouble than her family did. She advanced beyond those books, however; and in time her family let her alone. During the Reign of Terror she made herself mistress of the Differential Calculus of Cousin. Times improved for her when society was so far settled as that the Normal and Polytechnic Schools of Paris were opened. By one device or another she obtained the notes of many of the professors' lessons; and she was presently bewitched by Lagrange's new and luminous analysis. It was the custom for such students as desired it to offer their observations in writing to the professor, at the close of his course. Sophie took advantage of this custom to get her notes handed in to Lagrange, as coming from a student; and great was the praise awarded to the mysterious student, whose real name was soon betrayed to the great man. He called on her, to praise and encourage her; and from that time she was known as a mathematician, and corresponded with by the most eminent scientific men, so that she had abundant facilities for progress. In correspondence with Gauss of Göttingen, she again wrote under an assumed name; but she was presently recognized, and thenceforward she attempted no concealment.

Her first specific enterprise illustrates her courage and perseverance as thoroughly as her whole life. Napoleon was dissatisfied that there was no scientific expression of the results of the spurious experiments of Chladni on the vibrations of elastic metal plates; and he offered an extraordinary prize if the Institute could discover the mathematical laws of those vibrations. Lagrange at once declared the thing impossible; that is, it would require a new species of analysis. Few would have thought of proceeding in the face of such an opinion: but Sophie said, "My dear master, why not try?" After a world of study, she sent in, as the result, an equation of the movement of elastic surfaces. It was faulty; and she saw why. But for the irregularity of her mathematical education the failure could not have happened; and she set to work to remedy the evil. She actually produced the new kind of analysis which Lagrange had declared to be necessary; and he was the first to applaud the feat. Moreover, he obtained the exact equation from her scheme. She herself pursued the application, and obtained honorable mention for this second attempt. She was invited to enter again into the competition; and on this third occasion she succeeded completely. She declared that both Lagrange and Fourier had aided her by their suggestions; but they, and all others, said that a hint or two in the application of her method had nothing to do with the discovery of it, and insisted that the glory was her own without drawback. It does not appear that glory was any object to her in comparison with progress in knowledge. She wrought out the applications of her own methods, and supplied several theorems to Legendre on the theory of numbers, which he published in the supplement to his second edition; and the further she went in mathematics the more widely she extended her studies in other departments, especially chemistry, physics, geography, and the history of philosophy, science, and literature. She employed her analytic faculty in all directions, and manifested her sympathetic power on every subject which she touched.

We are told that, in her manners and conversation, the utmost grace of accuracy was manifested. Her expression of her ideas and feelings, and her narrative of incidents, were so precise, so brief, so perfect, that no improvement was possible, and every alteration must be for the worse. The same fitness, clearness, sincerity, appeared in all she did. Her life was not the less genial for this, nor her conversation the less lively and natural. It had a somewhat poetical cast, or seemed to have to those who were expecting to find "a mathematical prude," or a dry pedant.

She died in 1831, after long and cruel suffering, heroically borne. She was fifty-five years old—younger by a generation than Caroline Herschel, but dying seventeen years before her.

Meantime the English, or rather Scotch woman had been reaching middle life, in the pursuit of the studies of both the others, and from the same natural aptitude.

This natural aptitude betrayed itself unexpectedly in Mrs. Somerville's case, in the midst of an ordinary girl's education, at the opening of this century. She lived at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, and was sent to school there, being remarked for nothing except docility, gentleness and quietness. She learned to sew, as little girls should; and it was natural that, when she was at home, she should sit sewing in the window-seat of the room where her brother took his lessons from his tutor. His sister liked his mathematical lessons best; and she regularly laid hands on his Euclid, and carried it up to her own room, to go over the lesson by himself. One day, her brother was stopped by a difficulty, and, forgetting her secret, little Mary popped out the answer. The tutor started; the family inquired, and very sensibly let her alone. Prof. Playfair was an intimate friend of the household; and not very long after the above incident Mary found an opportunity to put a private question to the Professor—Did he think it wrong for a girl to learn Latin? Not necessarily; but much depended on what it was for. Well, she wanted to study Newton's Principia, and that was the truth. The professor did not see any harm in this, if she liked to try. In a few months she was mastering the Principia.

Her first marriage was favorable to her line of study; or, I should rather say, to this particular one of her various studies. She is a very accomplished woman—understands and speaks several languages; has in her day been an amateur artist of considerable merit, and was considered to play well on the harp. But when she married a naval officer who delighted in her sympathy in his professional studies, she made great progress, and was becoming qualified for future achievements. Still, we do not hear of the gentle and quiet Mrs. Gregg being pointed out to general notice as a learned lady. The first that was generally heard of her was when the children of her second marriage, two daughters, were almost grown up, and her son, Mr. Woronzow Gregg, was making his way in the world. She was then the wife of Dr. Somerville, physician of Chelsea Hospital. It was a pleasant house to go to—that airy house at Chelsea, where the host was always delighted to tell the stories of his wife's early studies, and to show, in the deep drawer full of diplomas, the tokens of her recent fame; and where the hostess was the model of a hostess, well-dressed, genial and hospitable, apparently with the constant blessings of a good cook, a neat house, and a perfect knowledge on her own part how to keep it. Her harp was in the corner, and her pictures on the walls; and there was the best society in London in her drawing-room.

This was when the impression of her first great work was fresh. Some experiments that she had made, showing the magnetic influence of the violet rays of the solar spectrum, had before directed the attention of some philosophical inquirers to her capabilities; and when the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge was set up, she was invited to prepare for it a popular version of Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste." She accomplished the task, but not in a form suitable for the society; and her work was published independently under the title of "The Mechanism of the Heavens." It was a radical mistake to set Mrs. Somerville to work on popular versions of scientific works. A different quality and character of mind is required for discovering abstract truths, and for putting them into a form which unscientific minds may comprehend. From her gentleness and symplicity, Mrs. Somerville was tractable, and undertook what she was told would be most useful; but the work was perplexing to her. When her first and second editions were sold in a wonderful short time, her publisher asked her, with all due deference, whether she could not simplify some parts of the book, so as to bring them down to the comprehension of ordinary readers. She tried, and declared it the most difficult thing she had ever attempted. What the publisher and others called simplifying, seemed to her to be obscuring and perplexing her sense. When she quitted the precision and brevity of scientific terms, she could never tell what the matter would spread out to. This should have put an end to all interference with her course, as it proved the error of expecting the same mind to supply the two methods of exposition—the scientific and the popular.

If her first great work indicated her mathematical powers, her next exhibited the course of her philosophical tastes. She had given a brief account of her view of the Connection of the Physical Sciences in the introduction to the "Mechanism of the Heavens;" and this view formed the groundwork of her second book. It is very interesting in its disclosures to unlearned persons, and as indicating the direction and variety of her studies; but it is defective in the masterly closeness, directness and precision which her mind was capable of when dealing with mathematical truths. Its popularity amazed her, and delighted her friends; who, for the most part, were unaware of the extent to which the country could furnish a reading public for scientific works, and who had mistaken the reasons for the failure of the publications of the Diffusion Society. One edition after another had to be prepared; and most conscientiously did Mrs. Somerville apply herself to improve each one as it was demanded. She was not the sort of author to write more books than she otherwise would, because she was sure of a favorable reception for anything she would publish. As far as I know, there is only one more book of hers; and that was issued many years later, when she had long resided abroad. This work, "Physical Geography," appeared in 1848.

A characteristic feature of Mrs. Somerville's taste appears in the dedications of her books, and, indeed, in their being dedicated at all. Not only recoiling from innovation in almost all ways, but somewhat old-fashioned in her habits of mind, she has through life taken pains to do what was proper, and in that anxiety has made such few and superficial mistakes as she has made. They are not worth a reference except for the light they cast on the force of her abstract faculties. She who dedicated her works (one to the Queen, and another to Sir J. Herschel), in the fashion of a former age, when author and readers had not been brought face to face; she who, because she was advised, not only went to Court, but took her daughters there: she who allowed her portrait to be prefixed to one of her own works; she who has always kept abreast of a cautious conventionalism, and dreaded manifesting any originality except in one direction, has been so inspired in that direction as to be unconscious of the peculiarity which all the world was admiring. Hence her security from being spoiled. In 1835, she was chosen an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society; and the learned societies of every civilized country followed this lead, till, as I said, she had a deep drawer full of diplomas; but neither this nor any other form of homage ever made the slightest difference in her manners, or seemed to occupy any part of her thoughts. Sitting beside old Dr. Dalton, on the sofa, talking atomic theory, or what not, she never perceived that the eyes of many strangers were upon her, and that the great men of the scientific world were trying to catch the tones of her voice. Her partial absence of mind is another evidence of the character and action of her intellect. No one can be further from what is called "absent" in society. No one can be more awake and alive to the conversation and the interests of others; yet her husband used to amuse himself, and astonish an occasional guest, by proving how long it took to stir her up from her studies. She did not need an elaborate privacy for her pursuits. She used the family sitting-room, when studying or writing; and, as soon as she was fairly engaged, her husband would begin libelling her in extravagant terms, and in a loud voice, without making her look up, till, at last, when he shouted her name, she would ask if he was speaking to her and be surprised to see everybody laughing. Hers is the strongest and clearest case possible of a special intellectual organization, compelling its own exercise in simplicity and honor.

Mrs. Somerville has been lost sight of, though never forgotten, for many years. About twenty years since, the health of Dr. Somerville caused the removal of the family to Italy, whence they have never returned. Dr. Somerville having died at the age of 93, a few weeks ago.

Their friends felt a sort of indignation at an incident which occurred soon after their departure. Of all people in Europe, Mrs. Somerville was the one who could by no means obtain a proper view of the comet of 1843. The only accessible telescope of value was in the observatory of a Jesuit convent in Tuscany, where no woman was allowed to cross the threshold. This indignation in England looks like evidence that the world has advanced in its intellectual and moral liberties.

Whatever the Tuscan Jesuits might think of her case, I believe that Mrs. Somerville and all her many friends would say, if asked, that they never heard of a disrespectful word being spoken of her, in connection with her powers and her pursuits. Her work is over, for she is almost seventy years of age; and it is not a case in which death is required to silence levity or sarcasm; for there is none of either to put to shame. Under such circumstances, we may reasonably hope that these female mathematicians may be, indeed, Representative Women—leaders of an honored and increasing class.—INGLEBY SCOTT.—*Once a Week.*

MEN SUPERIOR TO INSTITUTIONS.

SOCIETY is the soil out of which man grows. It is set not to circumscribe and diminish the individual, but to augment and enrich him. This idea of society gives not only dignity and authority to it, but furnishes a just criterion of criticism and judgment. Society is not master, still less despot; it is servant. It is good when it rears men to greater strength and goodness. It is poor when it fails to do it. It is bad when it hinders men; restrains their development. It is malignant and detestable when it degrades, degenerates and brutifies its subjects.

The spirit of the Gospel is violated whenever there grows up a warmer sympathy for men's institutions than for men themselves. Laws, ordinances, governments, institutions, are not superior to the citizen. It being once granted that civil or ecclesiastical institutions are necessary to men, those who administer them become excessively addicted to them. They become adulators and idolaters of law. Everything may perish, but laws must survive! Moral integrity may be sacrificed, human rights invaded, human nature debased, aspirations repressed, growth in manliness and liberty visited as a sin, but laws must not be changed or abolished! Institutions are supposed to be temples of Divinity. Laws are venerated as the representations of Divine will. They are thought to be more sacred than the welfare of individuals. Better that generations perish, than that laws be weakened or pass away! This is the most stupid of idolatries, and the most heathen of philosophies. It is directly opposed to the spirit of Christ, and to his explicit teachings.

Among no people was there ever a greater reverence of institutions, customs and observances than among the Jews. They worshipped society. They revered its institutions. They were unfeeling and heartless toward the mass of citizens. When our Savior on the Sabbath day healed a man of grievous infirmity, not one sympathy moved in joy for him; not one enthusiasm of gladness seized them, that his long suffering was ended, that his future life was now to be enlarged, sweetened, dignified. The only effect which the miracle produced was that of horror for the violation of the Sabbath day. It was then that Jesus spake forth royally the sublime declaration, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." That sentence is passed upon every usage, custom, law, government, church, or institution. Man is higher than them all. Not one of them but may be changed, broken, or put away, if the good of any man require it. Only, it must be his higher good, his virtue, his manhood, his purity and truth, his life and progress, and not his mere capricious material interests. Governments that wax strong while the citizens grow weak; societies that are encumbered with rigid customs and inflexible laws, among which and over which men must stumble, are not of God, but against him. Whatever thing hinders the true growth of man into the normal use of all his faculties, is man's adversary and God's enemy. If society and its governments stand in the way of the progress of men, they are to be attacked and changed.—*Sermon of H. W. Beecher.*

THE FATHERLAND.

WHERE is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
O, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span,
For the soul's love of home than this?
O, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er a man may help another—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birth-place grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE HAYFIELD.

WHAT man amongst us all, if he will think the matter over calmly and fairly, can honestly say that there is any one spot on the earth's surface in which he has enjoyed so much real, wholesome, happy life as in a hayfield? He may have won renown on horseback or on foot at the sports and pastimes in which Englishmen glory; he may have shaken off all rivals, time after time, across the vales of Aylesbury, or of Berks, or any other of our famous hunting counties; he may have stalked the oldest and shyest buck in Scotch forests, and killed the biggest salmon of the year in the Tweed, and trout in the Thames; he may have made topping averages in first-rate matches of cricket; or have made long and perilous marches, dear to memory, over boggy moor, or mountain, or glacier; he may have successfully attended many breakfast-parties within drive of May Fair, on velvet lawns, surrounded by all the fairy land of pomp and beauty and luxury which London can pour out; he may have shone at private theatricals and at-homes, his voice may have sounded over hushed audiences at St. Stephen's, or in the law courts; or he may have had good times in any other scenes of pleasure or triumph open to Englishmen; but I much doubt whether, on putting his recollections fairly and quietly together, he would not say at last that the fresh-mown hayfield is the place where he has spent the most hours which he would like to live over again, the fewest which he would wish to forget.

As children, we stumble about the new-mown hay, revelling in the many colors of the prostrate grass and wild flowers, and in the power of tumbling where we please without hurting ourselves; as small boys, we pelt one another, and the village schoolgirls, and our nursemaids, and young-lady cousins with the hay, till, hot and weary, we retire to tea or syllabub beneath the shade of some great oak or elm standing up like a monarch of the fair pasture; or, following the mowers, we rush with eagerness on the treasures disclosed by the scythe-stroke—the nest of the unhappy late-laying titlark, or careless fieldmouse; as big boys, we toil assiduously with the spare forks and rakes, or climb into the wagons and receive with open arms the delicious load as it is pitched up from below, and rises higher and higher as we pass along the long lines of haycocks; a year or two later, we are strolling there with our first sweethearts, our souls and tongues loaded with sweet thoughts and soft speeches; we take a turn with the scythe as the bronzed mowers lie in the shade for their short rest, and willingly pay our footing for the feat. Again, we come back with book in pocket, and our children tumbling about as we did before them; now romping with them, and smothering them with the sweet-smelling load—now musing and reading and dozing away the delicious summer evenings. And so shall we not come back to the end, enjoying as grandfather the love-making and the rompings of younger generations yet?

Were any of us ever really disappointed or melancholy in a hayfield? Did we ever lie fairly back on a haycock and look up into the blue sky, and listen to the merry sounds, the whetting of scythes and the laughing prattle of women and children, and think evil thoughts of the world or our brethren? Not we! or, if we have so done, we ought to be ashamed of ourselves, and deserve never to be out of town again during hay harvest.

There is something in the sights and sounds of a hayfield which seems to touch the same chord in one as Lowell's lines in the "Lay of Sir Launfal," which ends—

"For a cap and bells our lives we pay;
We wear our lives with toiling and tasking;
It is only Heaven that is given away;
It is only God may be had for the asking.
There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer."

But the philosophy of the hayfield remains to be written. Let us hope that whoever takes the subject in hand will not dissipate all its sweetness in the process of the inquiry wherein the charm lies.—*Tom Brown at Oxford.*

GARIBALDI.

On the 8th or 9th of September, in the year 1853, the Peruvian bark Carmen arrived at Boston with a cargo taken on board at Isloy, Peru. Her commander was no less a person than G. Garibaldi, then a simple captain of a trading vessel, now, as the hero of Italy, and the subverter of thrones, occupying the attention of the entire civilized world. The signature at the bottom of the manifest at the Custom House is in an elegant hand, showing that in this particular his education in youth had not been neglected. From an old merchant of this port, Captain Sweetser, (formerly of the firm of Sweetser & Norton), who was introduced to Garibaldi on the day of his arrival, was in his company for the greatest portion of the time until his departure from this city, and has since received from him a letter and present, we glean some reminiscences of interest in regard to his visit to Boston. The Carmen was consigned to C. L. Bartlett of this city, and the position of the captain of the vessel was undoubtedly accepted by Garibaldi as a temporary occupation of his time. He could speak English in a broken manner, and could not understand it fully as delivered in speeches; and as Capt. Sweetser understood Spanish his acquaintance was quite acceptable to the commander of the Carmen. At that time Garibaldi understood the Spanish, Italian, French and German languages, and ere this has undoubtedly mastered that of the Anglo Saxon nations. It was the remark of the mate of the Carmen, in speaking of his commander, that he put his lightning or electricity into every one who was connected with him, and even his sailors would have jumped overboard to obey him. His personal appearance at that time is thus described: Of a light complexion and blue eyes, looking rather like an Anglo-Saxon than an Italian, with a light beard around his chin, high shoulders, and a short neck. On shore, in Boston, he usually wore a plain citizen's dress with a Kossuth hat, but on shipboard his favorite costume was a sort of fez cap and sailor jacket. While here, Garibaldi as much as possible avoided public observation, and only on rare occasions was present at any large assemblage of people. He walked the streets in a contemplative mood, and he then had a very large correspondence with his patriot friends in Italy, and those who had been expatriated for political cause and were then residents of this country, and was doubtless brooding over the plans since realized for the redemption of his country. At the time of his visit the Crimean war had just commenced, and the opinion was expressed in his hearing, that it might result in a general European contest. If such should prove to be the case, he remarked, you may depend upon it that Italy will make a stronger effort than she has ever made before to regain her independence. He never spoke of his own achievements in the struggles of 1848, and his heroic movements at Rome and other places. Upon one occasion, a friend suggested that he might be in danger of losing his neck. The only regret with me, he said, smiling, is that I have but one neck to lose for the sake of Italy. His eye was bright, with a quick flash. He thought highly of Kossuth as a statesman, but not as a soldier. In his walks through the streets he generally took a good deal of notice of anything new, and always ascertained the principle of any machine which he inspected. Standing one day in front of the last machine in Fulton street, he failed at first to perceive the principle, but changing his position, he discovered it, when he remarked, "How simple and yet how ingenious." He much desired, when here, to possess some Government charts, and Capt. Sweetser introduced him to F. W. Lincoln, Jr., the present Mayor, then in that line of business, who at once gratified the Italian captain with a full series. Garibaldi returned his thanks, and remarked to Capt. Sweetzer, "Now I feel rich." Mr. Lincoln sent to Capt. Sweetzer and Garibaldi an invitation to the Festival of the Mechanic Charitable Association. The invitation was accepted. Garibaldi attended and listened to the address, of which he could understand but little, but the music charmed him. As the time for the banquet approached, Garibaldi expressed a desire to return on board his vessel, and was not, therefore, present at the entertainment.—*Boston Traveller.*

CHARLES SUMNER'S TRIBUTE TO THEODORE PARKER.

ON Monday evening, Oct. 1st, the third course of lectures before the "Fraternity," connected with the Music Hall Religious Society, was opened at Tremont Temple by Hon. Charles Sumner. The hall was densely packed by a most intelligent audience, many towns in the vicinity of Boston being represented on the occasion. Mr. Sumner was received in a very enthusiastic manner; and in his exordium, he paid the following tribute to the memory of Theodore Parker:

"In opening this course of lectures, devoted to Human Improvement, I cannot forget that noble spirit, especially dear to many of you as a pastor, whom we had hoped to welcome at this time in restored health, instead of mourning dead in a distant land. I knew him well, and never came within his influence without confessing his many-sided powers, his marvellous acquirements, his rare eloquence, his soul touched to so many generous sympathies, and his heart beating warm for his fellow-man. To the cause of Human Improvement in every form, his life was given. For this he labored; for this he died.

"It was my fortune to see him during several days in Paris, some time after he had parted from you. He had recently arrived from the West Indies. I feel that I cannot err in offering a slight reminiscence of that meeting. I found him the same in purpose and aspiration as I had always known him—earnest, thoughtful, and intent on all that helped the good of man, with the same completeness of intelligence, and the same large, loving heart. We visited together ancient byeways and historic scenes of that wonderful metropolis, which no person was more forward to appreciate and to enjoy; but, turning from these fascinating objects, his conversation took the wings of the morning, and, traversing the Atlantic, rested on our own country; on friends at home, on his relations to his parishioners, on his unfinished labors, and on that great cause of Liberty which contains all other causes, as the greatest contains the less; for where liberty is not, what is man, whether slave or master? Observing him carefully, with the fellow-feeling of a convalescent, I was glad and surprised to find in him so many signs of health. At the time, he was stronger than I was; but he has been taken, and I have been spared. Indeed, it was only in the husky whisper of his voice that he seemed weak. I envied him much, his active step and his power to walk. But he had measured his forces, and he calmly revealed to me his doubt whether he should live to see home again. If this was permitted, he did not expect to resume his old activities, but thought that in some quiet retreat, away from paved streets, surrounded by his books, he might perhaps have strength to continue some of his labors, to bind up some of his sheaves, and occasionally to speak with his pen. But it was ordered otherwise. Not even this moderate anticipation was gratified. The fatal disease had fastened too surely upon him, and was slowly mastering all resistance. The devotion of friends, travel, change of scene, the charms of Switzerland, the classic breath of Italy—all were in vain. It was his wish that he should be buried where he fell; and this child of New England, the well-ripened product of her peculiar life, now sleeps in Tuscan earth, on the banks of the Arno, near the sepulchres of Michael Angelo and Galileo. But I know not if even this historic association can make us content to renounce the pious privilege of laying him in one of our own tombs, among the people that he loved so well.

"Pardon me for thus renewing your grief. But I felt that I could not address you on any other subject until I had mingled my feelings with yours, and our hearts had met in sympathy for our great bereavement."

It was by an easy transition, Mr. Sumner said, that he turned to another who had done much for human improvement and the cause of liberty—LAFAYETTE. He then proceeded to give a most interesting biographical sketch of this world-honored patriot, showing him to have been, from youth to old age, the consistent and unswerving champion of universal freedom, without regard to race or color.—*Liberator.*

FREDERIKA BREMER, in a letter bearing date, "Athens, June 28, 1860," to Benjamin B. Appleton, of Boston (now in Paris), writes of the late Theodore Parker thus:

"I have just seen in the papers the announcement of the death of Mr. Parker. I am truly sorry. He was a good and brave man, and an eminent orator, equal to the great Tribunes of old Rome. He was a true workman for the kingdom of God. To me he was a most practical Christian, though, as you know and say it, his theoretical view of the Head of our religion and his work were to me insufficient and far from the whole truth. But, my dear sir, do not believe me to be one of those narrow-minded religionists who see no Christendom out of a certain Church. *The kingdom of God* is to me a different thing from any Church on earth, and whoever lives and works for that *is the true Christian*, a true member of the Church of Christ, even if he did not nominally belong to any Church on earth. And though I cannot but look on a certain creed or religious faith as the only one sufficient to explain the problems of our existence, past, present and future, and give satisfaction to the hearts and minds longing for justice, harmony, perfection, I do not make religious *science* the test of religious *life*. I have too much seen how they may be separated, and how often even the unbeliever is a better man than the believer whose faith has not transformed his heart. *Love of God*, as love of truth and goodness, is the one thing needful."

LOVE, HOPE AND FAITH.

BLESS, holy Love! our calm retreat;
The lily's fair, the rose is sweet;
Than rose or lily, purer bloom
The hearts thy grace and power illume.

O hope divine! support our souls;
The shadows fall, the thunder rolls;
When terror all the land enshrouds,
With thy blue eye disperse the clouds.

The mountain hides us from the East;
In us be living faith increased;
The mountain from its place we fling,
Or o'er its top our vision wing.

SYLVESTER JUDD.

THE IDIOT CHILDREN OF NEW YORK.

THE SCHOOL OF MR. JAMES B. RICHARDS.

From The Evening Post.

THERE is no class of humanity which inspires such feelings of sadness as idiots. Wild insanity has usually been preceded by a life of intelligence, and not unfrequently by a career marked by singular ability and energy. But idiocy presents features at once repulsive and hopeless, with only enough of intelligence to prove humanity, and not enough to show that that humanity is the image of Divinity. "An idiot holds his bauble for a god," says Shakspeare. And it is one of the peculiarly lamentable features of idiocy, that its victims are not merely blind to human knowledge, but are also incapable of any appreciation of the fact of their existence, and the duties that existence involves to a Creator. "Their god is a bauble."

Idiot children are at once saddening and hopeful. There is a possibility that their weak intellects may, by proper training, be improved so as to elevate them above their early condition, while idiocy is but confirmed by maturing years. The idiot children on Randall's Island are so uncared for and forgotten by the great mass of our benevolent citizens, that city officials can and do crowd no less than thirty-seven of them into one room, if the statement of an intelligent newspaper correspondent may be credited. Already, however, some of our prominent citizens are taking measures to correct this evil, chiefly through the influence of Mr. James B. Richards, who has offered his services to introduce freely his system of training among the imbecile children of Randall's Island.

Mr. Richards is a gentleman who, for many years, has made the training of the weak and unformed intellect his peculiar study. He has now a private school for idiots at his residence, a neat brown-stone house at No. 137 East Thirteenth street, where, with his wife, he has in charge eight children, who appear to have come into the world and continued from babyhood malformed both physically and mentally. Their parents, being, fortunately, people of means, have sent their children to Mr. Richards, and with most gratifying results. One boy, from the West, who used to run around the streets of his native city hatless and shoeless, half-robed and dirty, notwithstanding his parents' care, is now as intelligent in looks and actions as half of the schoolboys of his age in this city who have never been suspected of idiotic tendencies. He reads and spells well, and keeps himself neat and clean. Another girl, nearly sixteen years of age, who, not long ago, could hardly talk, can now converse, slowly but intelligibly, and can read. So with other children in the institution.

Nothing very surprising in this, you think? But just remember that when the children come to Mr. Richards they cannot even tell a blue color from a yellow, so weak are their per